





The P R E F A C E.

A Book of this Nature has always met with Acceptance in the World ; and 'tis very probable, always will, from the Variety it contains, and leading the Mind from one diverting Subject to another: But either the Taste of the Age is much alter'd, or those who have hitherto been concern'd in those Collections, seem to have been strangely mistaken ; for certainly, in Compiling a Jest-Book, it must be the greatest Jest of all, not to consult our Comedies ; in which Kind of Writing, the greatest Wits have, for the most Part, employ'd their Pens, and with good Reason ; because it has always brought their Wit to the best Market, and proved the handsomest Reward it cou'd have met with.

As to what has been taken out of other Books of this Kind, they are very few, and are either better told, or kept more strictly to their Genuine Derivation ; so that, in short, this Work is purg'd from the stupid Dross of all former Editions, and supply'd with fresh Wit and Humour from the Writings and Conversation of the greatest Wits of the last and present Age ; besides many agreeable and witty Things which private Conversation has produc'd, and were never before printed.

The

The PREFACE.

The Reader will hardly suppose that the whole Magazine of Wit, Humour, &c. before-mention'd, can have been ransack'd to furnish out this little Book, but that the Author has a Fund in Reserve for a second Part, which he will soon present the World with; wishing them, in the mean Time, a great deal of Mirth and Satisfaction with this his first Essay.

BOOKS lately Printed for THOMAS WARNER, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row.

- I. **C**OURT Tales: Or, a History of the Amours of the present Nobility. To which is added, a compleat Key. The Second Edition.

*The Court's a Golden, but a fatal Circle,
Upon whose Magic Skirts a thousand Devils,
In Chrystal Forms, sit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Vertue from its Center.*

L E E.

II. The Spanish Pole-Cat: Or, the Adventures of Seniors Rufina; in four Books. Being a Detection of the Artifices used by such of the Fair Sex, as Aim more at the Purses, than at the Hearts of their Admirers. Written Originally in Spanish, by Don Alonso De Castillo Sovercano. Begun to be translated, By Sir Roger L'Estrange; and finish'd, by Mr. Ozell.

III. Love in Masquerade: Or, Seeing is not Believing. Containing several Pleasant Adventures in the Masquerading Way.

VI. Hampton Court Tales. Containing the Adventures of the Noble Lysander and Camila, &c.



Play-House Fests, &c.



Country Man passing along the Strand saw a Coach overturn'd, and asking what the Matter was? He was told, that three or four Members of Parliament were overturn'd in that Coach: Oh! says he, there let 'em lie, *my rather always advis'd me not to meddle with State Affairs.*

A noisy talkative Spark, who had a handsome Place in the King's Revenue, more than he merited, was one Day holding an Argument with a Gentleman at a publick Coffee-house; the Controversie turn'd upon some point of Government, and his Antagonist, who had somewhat gaul'd him by the Strength of his Argument, referr'd him to such a Place in History, where he wou'd find how much he was mistaken in the Dispute,—Phoo, says he, d'ye think I've no other Business but to read Histories? —Faith, says the other, 'tis pity you had, till you read more.

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Some

Some Gentleman passing by Water from *Chel-sea* to *London*, as they came over against *Peterborough-House* at the end of *Millbank* in *Westminster*, one of them pointing that Way, said, there went a Report that that House had sunk a Story in one Night.—Phoo, says another, 'tis a Story raised.

A young Lady who had been marry'd but a short Time, seeing her Husband going to rise pretty early in the Morning, said, *What, my Dear ! are you getting up already ? Pray lie a little longer and rest your self.* No, *my Dear*, reply'd the Husband, *I'll get up and rest myself.*

The late Lord *Cutts* sending for a Barber at *Windsor*, told him he heard he was a famous Punster: Oh! my Lord, says the Barber, as soon as I heard your Lordship was in Town, I waited on you with *Powder and Ball*, Phoo, says my Lord, that's common, prithee Pun on something *Extempore*; come, I'll give you a Subject, —The King's just gone for *Flanders*, Oh! my Lord, reply'd the Barber, the King's no Subject.

King *William* consulting his Physician once on some uneasiness he found in his Legs, which was suppos'd to be the Dropsy, was advis'd by him not to drink such large Draughts of Beer, as he accusom'd himself to. What, says the King, d'ye think, Dr. to frighten me out of my beloved Beer. No, reply'd the Physician, very modest-

modestly, not to frighten your Majesty, which the whole Power of *France* cannot do, but I'll assure you, your Majesty frightens me.

One saying that Mr. D—*is* was an excellent Critick, was answer'd, that indeed his Writings were much to be valu'd ; for that by his Criticism he taught Men how to write well, and by his Poetry shew'd 'em what it was to write ill, so that the World was sure to edify by him.

There are a great many Witticisms father'd upon the *Irish*, and I think the following Story may as well find a Place as many I have heard : An *Irishman* and two *Englishmen* talking together, says one of the latter merrily, s'bud *Patrick*, I'll give thee half a Crown for a stroke at those bluff Chops of thine.—No, by my Shoul, says the *Irishman*, fat d'ye mean ? 'Gad do *Patrick*, says the other *Englishman*, I'll go your Halves : Til you indeed, says *Teague*, bee Creeft come on then. Upon which he receiv'd a very handsome box o'th' Ear. The other *Englishman* believing *Patrick* wou'd call to have the Money shar'd, cry'd now *Patrick* (giving him another box on the other Side) there's 15*d.* for you, and 15*d.* for me.

A rough hewn Tar, who us'd the *Eastern* Trade, coming home pretty richly laden once bought a Horse at *Yarmouth* to bring him to *London*, which he went the next Market-day to sell in *Smithfield* ; and observing that they look'd in the Horses Mouth, he ask'd the Reason of it,

and was answer'd, that it was to know his Age, Oh, *says he*, if that be all let 'em look as long as they will. The next Time he made a Voyage to *Greenland*, and brought home with him as a Venture, a fine Bear to sell; when the Person who was to make the Purchase was viewing him, he ask'd the Sailor, how old he was? How old, *says honest Tar*, Zooks what know I, *you may look in his Mouth if you will*,

One observing a crooked Fellow in close Argument with another, who wou'd have dissuaded him from some inconsiderable Resolution; said to his Friend, Prithce let him alone, and say no more to him, you see he's *Bent* upon it.

The same Person going into a House once, after feeling pretty much about it, said, this Table is like a broken Tavern; why so, says his Friend, because, *says he*, *there's ne'er a Drawer in it*.

One going to see a Friend who had lain a considerable Time in the *Marshalsea* Prison, in a starving Condition, was persuading him, rather than lie there in that miserable Case, to go to Sea; which not agreeing with his high Spirit, *I thank you for your Advice*, replies the Prisoner, *but if I go to Sea, I'm resolv'd it shall be upon good Ground*.

An Officer in *Flanders*, who was a wicked, as well as a very pretty Fellow, having been drinking at a Convent, one of the Students at parting

parting was admonishing of him to leave his prophane Discourses, and reform his wild Course of Life. Prithee, *says he*, Father get me a Whore next Time I come, one of your she Saints, that may help to convert me : Go go, *says the Priest*, you've a dark Way to go—*Ay*, by G--d, reply'd the Spark, *and I don't know one step of it*, and so clapt Spurs to the Horse.

Dr. Oates going to take Water once, was ply'd by a facetious Fellow who knew him. The Dr. getting into the Boat, bid him make haste to the Steel-yard, *Ay*, Master, *says the Fellow*, I'll WHIP you down in a Moment.

A drunken idle Fellow bringing his Wife's Common-Prayer-Book to an Alehouse, would have pawn'd it for a Quartern of Brandy, but the Man of the House refus'd to receive it.—What a Pox, *said the Fellow*, will neither my Word, nor the Word of G--d pass ?

When the famous Jack Hall, of right villainous Memory, was the last time committed to Newgate, and condemn'd, one was saying he ow'd him 40 s. Phoo, *says his Friend*, never trouble your self about it, he'll be HANG'D before he'll pay you.

One of those who generally go under the Denomination of smart Fellows, endeavouring to give a flourish of his Wit in Company, calling to the Drawer, *said, here*, Mercury, *take away this Bottle full of empriness*: A Gentle-
 B 3 man

man who knew his manner of Conversation, reply'd, *Pray, Sir, did you speak that of your own Head?*

One losing a Bag of Money of about 50 *l.* between *Temple-Gate* and *Temple-Bar*, fix'd a Paper up, offering 10 *l.* Reward to those who took it up, and should return it: Upon which the Person that had it came, and writ underneath to the following Effect: *Sir, I thank you, but you bid me to my Loss.*

An under Officer at the Customs at the Port of *Liver-pool*, running heedlessly along a Ship's Gunnel, happen'd to tip over Board, and was drown'd; being soon after taken up, the Coroner's Jury was summon'd to sit upon the Body. One of the Jury-Men returning home, was call'd to by an Alderman of the Town, and asked what Verdict they brought in, and whether they had found it *Felo de se*: Ay, ay, says the Jury-man shaking his Noddle, *he fell into the Sea sure enough.*

Sir *Nicholas Pelham* had once a very wicked Fellow for a Falconer, who was often shewing his Talent; and one Day going to a Neighbouring Gentleman's House, he was telling the Servants how regularly they were call'd to Prayers every Morning and Evening; which the other Gentleman's Servants hearing, told him, they ne'er had any Prayers, and were ne'er call'd together in a Morning, but to take their Breakfasts, and drink their Master's Health in a full Horn.

Horn of strong Beer : At which the old Falconer holding up both his Hands, cry'd, not go to Prayers ! Z——s, *how happily d'you live !*

A certain *Middlesex* Justice, in the first Year of King George, when his Clerk was reading a *Mittimus* to him, coming to *Anno Domini 1715*. cry'd out in a little heat, and why not *G E O R G O D O M I N I*, Sir, *sure you forget yourself.*

A Fellow once standing in the Pillory at Temple-Bar, it occasion'd a stop, so that a Carman with a Load of Cheeses had much ado to pass, and driving just up to the Pillory, he ask'd, what that was that was writ over the Person's Head ! They told him, it was a Paper to signify his Crime, that he stood for Forgery : Ay, *says he*, what is Forgery ? They answered him that Forgery was counterfeiting another's Hand, with intent to cheat People : To which the Carman reply'd, looking up at the Offender, *Ah Pox ! this comes o'your Writing and Reading, you silly Dog.*

One bringing a Song to a Master of Musick to be compos'd, he read it over, and began to Criticize upon it ; and find fault with the Poetry : Prithee, *says the other*, put it up, 'tis not your *Business* to make *Words* of it,

A blind Man who kept a publick House, being ask'd by some Guests what he had to cat, answer'd, that he did not know, *but he'd go and see.*

Two Brothers coming to be executed once for some enormous Crime; the eldest was first turn'd off, without saying one Word: The other mounting the Ladder, began to harangue the Croud, whose Ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some Confession from him. *Good People, says he, my Brother hangs before my Face, and you see what a lamentable Spectacle he makes: In a few Moments I shall be turn'd off too, and then you'll see a PAIR OF SPECTACLES.*

An *Irishman* was once bragging of his Wardrobe, and amongst other Things, said, he cou'd shift himself from Top to Toe twice a Day, True, says another, who knew him pretty well, *but one of 'em must go naked.*

A little dastardly half-witted Squire, being once surpriz'd by his Rival in his Mistress's Chamber, of whom he was terribly afraid, desir'd for God's sake to be conceal'd; but there being no Closet or Bed in the Room, nor indeed any Place proper to hold him, but an *India* Chest the Lady put her Cloaths in, they lock'd him in there: His Man being in the same Danger with himself, said, rather than fail, he cou'd creep under the Maids Petticoats: Oh! you silly Dog, *says his Master*, that's the *commonest Place* in the House.

A Girl in the Country being got with Child, it began to be buzz'd in the Family: Among the
rest,

rest, the Fellow who was most suspected to have got it, talking to another of the Maid-servants, said, *Well, if our Nan be with Child she has made her Hay*: Ay, *Tummus*, reply'd the Girl, *but you mow'd it first*; and so it prov'd, for he was fain to Father the Child, and marry the Woman.

A Country-woman having sent her Daughter of an Errand, the Girl staid an unreasonable time: When she came, the Woman fell foul of her with very bitter Language. You impudent Slut, *says she*, I cou'd find in my Heart to murder you; where have you been all this time? Been, *says the Girl*, why I've been for a Pound of Sugar,—Sugar, replies the good Wife, *ay, hussy, and you have been a SWEET while a-fetching of it, hav'nt you.*

A Gentleman having sent for his Carpenters Servant to knock a Nail or two in his Study, the Fellow after he had done scratch'd his Ears, and said, he hoped the Gentleman would give him something to drink. Drink, *says the Gentleman*, there's a pickled Herring for you, if that don't make you drink, I'll give you another; being reasonably as much as the Job was worth.

It was a usual Saying of King Cha. II. *That five was always the best Company.*—It happen'd that a Captain having been to raise Recruits for the Service of the Wars in *Flanders*, had fail'd in his Duty, and therefore the Colonel came in haste to the King to have him broke.
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Why, prithee, *says the King*, how many has he rais'd? No more than five, reply'd the Colonel. *E—d, says the King, then he sha'nt be broke, for that's the best Company in the World.*

It was another saying of that Prince,—That *Sailors got their Money like Horses, and spent it like Asses.* The following Story is somewhat an Instance of it: One Sailor coming to see another on Pay day, desir'd to borrow 20 s. of him.—The money'd Man fell to telling out the Sum in Shillings, but a half Crown thrusting its Head in, put him out, and he began to tell again; but then an impertinent Crown piece was as officious as its *half Brother* had been, and again interrupted the Tale; so that taking up a handful of Silver, he cry'd, *Here Jack,—Give me a handful when your Ship's paid, what a Pox signifies counting it,*

One was saying that Women wou'd bear Malice longer than Men.—Why so, said another—I had a Scuffle (*says he*) with a Girl once, and she remember'd me for it *nine Months after.*

Master Johnny sitting one Summer's Evening on the Green with his Mother's Chambermaid, among other little Familiarities, as kissing, pressing her Bubbies, and the like, took the liberty unawares to satisfy himself whereabout she ty'd her Garters, and by an unlucky slip went farther than he shou'd have done: At which the poor Creature blushing, cry'd *Bequiet Mr. John,*

John, I'll throw this Stone at your Head else.
 Ay, do Child, says he, and I'll fling TWO at
 your Tail if you do.

One asking his Companion to smoke a Pipe,
 he said, he never durst take Tobacco for fear
 of being undone. Why so, replies the other ;
because, says he, they that smoak are always un-
der a Cloud.

A Fellow of the Town seeing a Country Gentleman sit alone at an Inn, and thinking that something might be made of him, he went and sat near him, and took the Liberty to drink to him : Having thus introduc'd himself, he call'd for a Paper of Tobacco, and said,—D'ye smoke, Sir. Yes, *says the Gentleman (very demurely)* any Body that puts a Trick upon me ; which soon rid him of his new Acquaintance.

A Boy driving a Sow and Pigs along the Road, was met by a Gentleman riding by, who observing they were fine ones ask'd the Boy whose Pigs they were ? The Sows, *reply'd the Boy.*—Ay, *says the Gentleman,* but whose Sow is it ? My Father's, *says the Boy.*—And, prithee, *says the Gentleman,* who is thy Father ? *If you please to look after my Sow and Pigs,* replies the Boy, I'll go and ask my Mother.

An Extravagant young Fellow having made a quick havock of his Estate, was severely reprimanded by his Mother, out of whose small Jointure he was forc'd now to sue for support.

At length the good Lady, by her constant Remonstrances, brought him to such a sense of the Condition he had reduc'd himself to, by spending so fair an Estate, that he condescended to assure her, *he would never do so any more.*

A Person enquiring what became of such a one?—Oh! dear, says one of the Company, poor Fellow, he dy'd *Insolvent*, and was buried by the Parish. Dy'd *Insolvent*, crys another! that's a Lye, for he died in *England*, I'm sure I was at his Burying.

A certain Merchant at *Bristol* had lain Tobacco in the Church, and being question'd about so disrespectful an Action, he cry'd, *Why, what wou'd you have me to do, I never made any other use of it.*

A certain Country Farmer was observ'd never to be in a good Temper when he was hungry: For this Reason his Wife was fain carefully to watch the Time of his coming home, and always have Dinner ready on the Table; one Day he surpriz'd her, and she had only time to set a Mess of Broth ready for him; who soon, according to his Custom, began to open his Pipes, and maundering over his Broth, forgetting what he was about, burnt his Mouth to some Purpose. The good Wife seeing him in that spluttering Condition, comforted him as follows.—*See what it is now, had you kept your Breath to cool your Porrage, you had not burnt your Mouth, John.* The

The same Woman taking up Dinner once of a Sunday, it happen'd that the liquorish Plow-boy, who lay under a strong and violent Temptation, pinch'd off the Corner of a Plumb Dumpling; which his Dame espying, in a great Rage laid the wooden Ladle over his Noddle, say, *Can't you stay, Sirrah, till your Betters are serv'd before you.* The Boy clapping his Hand to his Head, and feeling the Blood come, cry'd 'Twas very hard to have his Head broke for a piece of Dumpling. *Hard! Sarrah,* (says she) *ay so it is, for I've broke a good Ladle about it cost me a Groat last Bently Fair.*

When the *Spanish Armado* was defeated by Drake, and great Rejoycings were making for it, a Countryman coming amongst his Neighbours, throwing up his Cap, cry'd,—*Ecod, when the Spaniard meddled with Q. Elizabeth, he took the wrong SOW by the Ear.*

When the Bill for limiting the Peerage, was first read in the House of Lords, it was a witty Remark of the Earl of P——h, who said, *If this Bill passes, Honour will be like Bank-Stock, at almost double the value.*

A young Fellow praising his Mistress before a very amorous Acquaintance of his, after having run thro' most of her Charms, he came at length to her majestick Gate, fine Air, and delicate slender Waste: Hold, says his Friend, *go no lower if you love me; but, by your leave,*
says

says the other, *I hope to go lower if she loves me.*

A Person who had an unmeasurable Stomach, coming to a Cook's-shop to Dine, said, it was not his way to have his Meat cut, but to pay 8*d.* for his Ordinary ; which the Cook seem'd to think reasonable enough, and so set a Shoulder of Mutton before him of half a Crown price, to cut where he pleas'd ; with which he so play'd the Cormorant, that he devour'd all but the Bones, paid his Ordinary, and troop'd off. The next time he came, the Cook casting a Sheeps Eye at him, desired him to agree for his Victuals, for he'd have no more Ordinaries.—Why, a Pox on you, says he, *I'm sure I paid an ORDINARY price.*

A notorious Sheep-stealer being brought before a Magistrate, and the Matter sworn so plain against him, that his *Mittimus* was going to be made ; hold *said the Fellow*, what is your Worship doing ? Only, *reply'd the Justice*, going to make an Order for you to steal more Sheep. Oh ! thank you kindly, says the *Muttonmonger* ; I desire your Worship will put in a *Bullock* or two when your Hand's in.

A Gentleman telling his Friend he was marry'd.—Marry'd, *says the other*, that is, you call a Woman you like, Wife ; lie with her when your Appetite calls, keep the Children you beget, and allow her Meat, Drink and Rayment. Alas, *reply'd he*,—just the contrary ; for I am forc'd
to.

to lie with a Woman I do not like, lie with her, for the most part, *without any Appetite at all, and keep the Children, which for ought I know, another may get for me.*

A young Gentlewoman who had marry'd a very wild Spark, that had run thro' a plentiful Fortune, and was reduc'd to some Streights, was innocently saying to him one Day: My Dear, I want some Shifts sadly.—Shifts! *Ma-*dam, replies he, *D—me, how can that be, when we make so many every Day.*

'Tis reported of the Earl of O——d, when on his Tryal at *Westminster*, that one Day when the Proceedings were over, there being great calling for the Earl of O——d's Servant, it occasion'd his Lordship to say to some about him, *I wonder where this Fellow can be?* Which a Person, who knew his Lordship, over hearing, cry'd, *F——d, my Lord, I don't believe there's your FELLOW in the World.*

The late Lord Dorset, in a former Reign, was asking a certain Bishop why he conferr'd Orders on so many Blockheads, *Oh, my Lord,* says he, *'tis better the Ground shou'd be plow'd by Asses than lie quite untill'd.*

A Captain of a *French Privateer* who had been a Prisoner at *Dover*, during the late Wars, staid long enough there to have an *English* Mistress, by whom he had a little *By-blow*. After the Peace, coming to *Dover* again, with some
of

of his Acquaintance, among other Things he had the Vanity to shew them his Concubine and her spritely Issue. The Girl finding he had done it to insult her, sent privately for a Constable, and secur'd Monsieur to answer for keeping the Child: In this Exigence, not all the fair Entreaties he us'd were able to conquer her Resentment of his tyrannical Usage, so that he was oblig'd to send to one of his Countrymen in Town to give Bail for him; who hearing the Story, excus'd himself after the following manner.—*Look you, I have promise myself never to be Bail for no Body; but I will tell you what I will do for you,—YOU MAY GET SOME BODY ELSE IF YOU CAN.*

In a Town where there had been a remarkable Slaughter of Maidenheads, and as great a Propagation of Horns, by a small Body of Red-Coats, which had been quarter'd there; one was saying, that he wonder'd why the Women were so fond of Soldiers? Phoo, *says another*, I don't wonder at it; the Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black have for many Ages been in Possession of the Sex; the latter, upon account of his secrecy, and the other from the heroick Performances they may expect from them. In

*fine, adds he, Women are like a Mackarel, Bait but a Hook with a piece of * Scarlet Cloth, and you infatigably take them.*

* *A piece of red Cloth, the common Bait for a Mackarel.*

An.

An *Irishman*. whom King *Cha. II.* had some Esteem for, being only an inferior Servant of the Household, One Day coming into the King's Presence, his Majesty ask'd him how his Wife did, who had just before been cut for a *Fistula* in her Backside. I humbly thank your Majesty, *rep'ns* *Te gue*, she is like to do well, but the Surgeon says, *It will be an Eye-sore as long as she lives.*

When King *Charles* the First was in great Anxiety about signing the Warrant for the Earl of *Strafford's* Execution, saying it was next to Death to part with so able a Minister, and so loyal a Subject ; a certain Favorite of the King's standing by, soon resolv'd his Majesty, by telling him, that in such an Exigence, *a Man had better part with his Crutch than his Leg.*

A certain Lady, to excuse herself for a Frailty she had lately fallen into, said to an intimate Friend of hers, *How is it possible for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick't, when every Fellow has got a Key to it ?* To which the other reply'd, *Ah, Melissa ! the Fellows Keys would not signify two Farthings, did not the Owner of the Cabinet go halves in the Robbery.*

When a Lady at Table said she was 60 Years of Age, and one of the Company was so rude as to say, she must needs be much older ; *Cicero* sitting by, said, he had Reason to believe what the Lady had said was the Truth, *for she had kept*
to

to the Story these Ten Years to his Knowledge.

A Gentleman going into a Meeting-house, and stumbling over one of the Forms that were set there, cry'd out in a Passion, *Who the Devil expected SET FORMS in a Meeting-house.*

Sir Godfrey Kneller, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a Garden in common, with but one Gate : Sir Godfrey, upon some Occasion, ordered the Gate to be nailed up ; when the Dr. heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the Gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, he replied, *He would take that, or any thing, from the Dr. but Physick.*

The extravagant Duke of Buckingham once said, in a melancholy Humour, he was afraid he should die a Beggar, which was the most terrible Thing in the World ; upon which, a Friend of his Grace's reply'd, No, my Lord, there's a more terrible Thing than that, and which you have Reason to fear, and that is, *That you'll live a Beggar,*

Another Time, the Duke was complaining to a rich Miser, Sir John Cutler, and ask'd how he should order his Affairs to prevent the Ruin of his Estate ? To which Sir John said, Live as I do, my Lord : The Duke answer'd, *I can do that, Sir John, when I'm ruin'd.*

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At another Time, a Person who had long been a Dependant on his Grace, begg'd his Interest for him at Court, and to press the Thing more home upon the Duke, said he had no Body to depend on but God and his Grace; then, *says the Duke*, you are in a miserable Way, for you could not have pitch'd upon any two Persons who have less Interest at Court.

When the Prince of Orange came over, five of the seven Bishops who were sent to the Tower declared for his Highness, and the other two would not come into Measures; upon which, Mr. Dryden said, That the seven Golden Candlesticks were sent to be essay'd in the Tower, and five of them prov'd Prince's Metal.

Mr. Dryden once at Dinner being offer'd by a Lady the Rump of a Fowl, and refusing it, the Lady said, Pray, Mr. Dryden, take it, the Rump is the best Part of the Fowl; Yes, Madam, *says he*, and so it is of the Fair.

A Philosopher carrying something hid under his Cloak, an impertinent Person ask'd him what he had under his Cloak? To which the Philosopher answered, *I carry it under my Cloak that you might not know.*

When a Complaint was made at the Court of Spain of the Viceroy of Mexico, the Secretary of State, who was his Friend, wrote him word, that he was accus'd at Court of having extorted
great

great Sums of Money from the People under his Government; which, says the Secretary, *I hope in God is true, or else you are undone.*

My Lord Chief Justice *Jeffreys* had a Cause before him, between a *Jew* that was Plaintiff, and a Christian Defendant. The latter pleaded, tho' the Debt was very just, that the *Jew* had no Right, by the Laws of *England*, to bring an Action; Well, says my Lord, have you any other Plea; No my Lord, says he, I insist on this Plea. Do you, says my Lord, *Then let me tell you, you are the greater J E W of the two.*

Some Gamesters falling out at a Tavern, gave one another very scurvy Language: At length, those dreadful Messengers of Anger, the Bottles and Glasses flew about like Hail-shot; one of which mistaking its Errand, and hitting the Wainscot instead of the Person's Head it was thrown at, brought the Drawer rushing in, who cry'd, D'ye call, Gentlemen? — *Call Gentlemen,* says one of the Standers-by; No, *they don't call G E N T L E M E N, but they call one another ROGUE and RASCAL, as fast as they can.*

Some gay young Fellows from *London* putting into a Country Inn, seeing a plain rough hewn Farmer there; says one of them, You shall see me Dumfound that Countryman.— So coming up to him, he gives his Hat a twirle round, saying, *There's half a Crown for you, Countryman.* The Farmer recovering his Surprize a little, rear'd his Oaken Towel, and surveying him very

ry gravely, gave him two very handsome Drubs on the Shoulder, saying, — I thank you for your Kindness, Friend, *There's two Shillings of your Money again.*

Such another Spark being once a little kick'd for his Impertinence, demanded of his Benefactor, with a bluff Face, whether he was in earnest, or no ? Yes, faith, *says the other*, in very good earnest, laying his Hand on his Sword, — Say ye so, *replied he*, I'm glad o' that, with all my Heart, *for I don't like such Jest.*

There being a very considerable Cause tried at *Westminster*, concerning the barking of Trees, in which the famous *Sir William Williams* was strenuously pleading, the Counsel on the other side interrupted him, saying, That side will never have done barking : No, *says Sir William*, *We bark like true Dogs, but you bark like a Parcel of Cats.*

One that had almost squander'd away a good Fortune upon Women, came once in a very merry Mood, to his Friend, saying, *Prithee, Jack*, do but hear what a Trick I have upon a Whore last Night. — *'Fore Gad, I made the silly Jade take a Guinea for one and twenty and Six-pence, after the Proclamation.*

Another Person fell into an extream Laughter once, at having his Pocket pick'd of his Handkerchief : What, says one to him, d'ye laugh at having your Pocket pick'd ? No, reply'd he, but
I laugh

I laugh to think, how like a Fool the Dog will look, when he comes to see what a Prize he has got.

Two Countreymen quarrelling in the Fields, one pursu'd the other up to his own Village ; when he found himself safe, he fac'd about to his Adversary, and cry'd, *Now come on you Cuckoldly Dog you, we are four to one of ye.*

A Butcher in *Smithfield*, that lay on his Death-bed, said to his Wife, — My Dear, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I advise you to marry our Man *John*, he's a lusty strong Fellow, fit for your Business. Oh ! dear Husband, *said she*, if that's all, never let it trouble you, for *John and I have agreed that Matter already.*

A certain Lady finding her Husband too familiar with her Chambermaid, turn'd her away the next Moment, — *Hussy*, said she at parting, *I have no Occasion for such as you, the Business you do here I can as well dispatch my self.*

A Soldier was once sentenc'd to be thrown off a Precipice ; when he came to the Place, he desired he might throw himself down ; so making himself ready, he went back a little, to make a fair Leap of it, but coming near the Brink, he stopt, and peep'd over the Precipice ; this he did five Times successively. At length the Sergeant, who was appointed with a Guard to see the Execution,

ecution, desir'd him to make haste, for he had exceeded his Orders ; and here, *adds he*, you have made five Offers, when it might have been done at one ; I'd be asham'd to be such a Coward : Coward, reply'd the Fellow, *Why, I'll hold you a Crown, now, Sergeant, as brave a man as you are, that you don't do it at Ten.* Whilst this Dispute lasted, a Reprieve came.

In the Civil War, a *Fanatick* Parson having taken his Text, began to split it into 24 Parts. Upon which, one of the Congregation takes his Hat, and was running out of the Church ; which his Neighbour seeing, ask'd him what was the Matter ? — Only going for my Night-Gown and Slippers, replies he, *for I find we must take up our Quarters here to Night.*

An amorous young Fellow, who design'd a Favour to his Neighbour's Wife, the Chambermaid came running in, and told 'em, her Master was at the Door : 'Sdeath, said the Lover, can't I get out thro' the Parlour Casement. No, no, reply'd the Girl, there are iron Bars there ; But if you could run up three Pair of Stairs, you might jump out of the Garret Window easy enough.

Bully Dawson was over turn'd in a Hackney-Coach once pretty near his Lodgings, and being got on his Legs again, he said, twas the greatest Piece of Providence that ever besel him, for it had sav'd him the Trouble of bilking the Coachman.

A Country Fellow peeping into a Scrivener's Shop, and seeing only a Desk, ask'd what they sold? The Boy reply'd,—*Loggerheads*.—Humph, says the Fellow, it seems you have a good Sale for them, for you have but one left.—Yes, says the Boy, *come in, and I'll shew you another.*

A Gentleman going to buy a Silk Lining for his Suit, the Taylor was ask'd how many Yards he must have? Twenty answered the Taylor, you can't have less, Sir, —Yes, but I may, says the Gentleman, *if you steal less.*

A Countryman coming into a Mercer's on Ludgate-Hill, to buy his Wife a Paragon Gown and Petticoat, he thought they ask'd him a good deal too much Money for it.—As I live, says the Mercer, I can't afford it under.—No, reply'd the Countryman, *as you live, indeed, with three or four well-looking Fellows about you, as fine as Heffors, I don't see how you can; but as I live, I can't afford to give it.*

One meeting an old Acquaintance, who the World had frown'd on a little, ask'd him where he liv'd? *Where I live? I don't know,* says he, *but I starve down towards Wapping, and that Way.*

Two Country Attorneys overtook a Waggoner on the Road, and thinking to break a Jest on him, ask'd him, why his fore Horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? The Waggoner knowing them to be Lawyers, reply'd, what
Fools

Fools are you not to know that, *Why my Fore-Horse is a Lawyer, and the rest are his Clients.*

One ask'd why Lawyers writ such wide Lines;
Another made Answer, 'twas to keep the Peace;
for if the Plaintiff and Defendant should come
too near together, they'd be apt to quarrel.

A Tallow-Chandler having been robb'd was
consol'd after the following manner; *Never
fear Neighbour, says one, I am confident your
Candles will all come to LIGHT in time.*

The old Lord *Strangford* taking a Bottle
with the Parson of the Parish, was commending
his own Wine. --- Here Dr. *says he*, I can send
a couple of Ho-Ho-Ho-Hounds from *France* (for
his Lordship had an Impediment in his Speech)
and have a Ho-Ho-Ho-Hogshead of this Wi-wi-
wi-VVine for 'em; what d'ye say to that, Dr? -
*Why, I say your Lordship has your Wine Dog-
cheap.*

Another Time his Lordship having a Mind to
nettle the Dr. ask'd him, why *Balaam's* Ass
spoke? Because, *says the Doctor*, *Balaam* was
such another stuttering Fool as your Lordship,
and his Ass spoke for him.

A certain Knight having some Company at
Dinner with him, he call'd for a Bottle of Ale,
which his Boy opening just under his Nose, it
flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Perriwig,
The Knight not at all disturb'd, but wiping
C himself

himself, -- VVell, *says he*, this is the wittiest Boy in the VVorld, he serves me a hundred of these witty Tricks in a Year -- Here Sirrah, says one of the Company, *Here's a Shilling for you, to encourage you in your Wit.*

A Parson wou'd needs prove Dancing to be sinful, and lugg'd in a Text of Scripture by the Ears to prove it. *Imprimis*, says he, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. 2dly, 'tis as plain as a Pike-staff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expressly say of the Devil, *Circum terram querens quem devoret?*

A Person being driven by a Shower of Rain, on Sunday Morning, into *Chelsea-College Chapel*, the Minister was furiously inveighing against Couvetousness, before a Parcel of Fellows who were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or ever seeing a greater Sum than Half a Crown. The Gentleman meeting the Parson afterwards, told him he ought rather to have Preach'd against *Swearing, Pilfering, Robbing of Hen-roosts, and Building of Sconces.*

A Dissenting Rabby preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Moorfields*, laid about him so powerfully, that he set all the Congregation a-weeping, except one Fellow, who seem'd not a Jot concern'd. Being ask'd the Reason why he did not weep as well as the rest-- *What have I to do to Weep*, says he, *I don't belong to this Parish.*

A Jol-

A Jolly red-fac'd Preacher having a great mind to prove a Standing Army to be *Jure Divino*, took upon him to make it out thus: God Almighty, *says he*, keeps a Standing Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incursions and Depredations of the Devil, and what are Kings but his Vicegerents? To descend to a plainer Inference, *adds he*, Tho' it be said, that a Soldier in Time of Peace, is like a Chimney in Summer, yet what wise Man wou'd pull down his Chimney because his Almanack told him 'twas the middle of *June*.

A Soldier, a Vintner, and a Physician, *says another*, are the three Degrees of Comparison; so are a *Cut-throat*, a *Back-biter*, and a *Flatterer*; but a *Physician* in the Superlative Murderer, and a *Flatterer* the Superlative Villain.

A Person drinking Cyder once, said, That putting Rough and Smooth together, was like Matrimony.-- Quite contrary, *says another*; for in Matrimony you have the Smooth first, and the Rough afterwards.

A Dog coming open-mouth'd at a Serjeant upon the March, he run the Spear of his Halbert into his Throat, and kill'd him: The Owner coming out, rav'd extreamly, that his Dog was Kill'd,-- and ask'd the Serjeant why he cou'd not as well have struck at him with the blunt End of his Halbert? So I wou'd, *says he*, if he had run at me with his Tail.

King *Charles* the 2d being in Company wth the Lord *Rocheſter*, and others of the Nobility, who had been Drinking the beſt Part of the Night, *Killigrew* came in, — Now, ſays the King, we ſhall hear of our Faults. — No faith, ſays *Killigrew*, *I don't care to trouble my Head with that which all the Town talks of.*

Two Perſons being robb'd and bound in a Wood, one of 'em cry'd out, *I'm undone! I'm undone!* — Are you b——d, ſays the other, *then prithee come and undo me too.*

When the famous Mr. *Ferguson*, of facetious Memory, was taken up for being concern'd in the Plot, and brought before the Earl of N—m, then Secretary of State, to be Examin'd; Look you, Mr. *Ferguson*, ſays his Lordſhip, I intend to be very brief with you; I will only aſk you one ſhort Queſtion or two. — To which he tenaciouſly reply'd — *I ſhall be as ſhort as your Lordſhip, for I won't answer one of 'em;* and ſo went to *Newgate*.

At the Maſquerade in the *Hay-Market*, one appearing in the Habit of a Biſhop, another for the Jeſt's ſake bow'd his Knee to aſk Bleſſing. The former laying his Hand on his Head, very demurely ſaid, *Prithee riſe, there's nothing in't indeed, Friend.*

A certain humorous old Knight, nam'd Sir *Sampſon*, thinking to recommend himſelf to the Favour

Favour of a fine young Lady, in the way of Marriage, said in the conclusion of his Compliments.—*Od, Madam, we Sampsons were strong Dogs from the beginning.* Take care, *Sir Sampson*, reply'd the young Lady.—*Remember the strongest of your Name pull'd an old House o'er his Head.*

A young Lady quarrelling with her Guardian, who was an Astrologer, and more intent upon the progression of the Stars, than the Frailties of his young Wife.—After a pretty deal of Raillery, calling some of the Planets by their Names, as the *Bull*, the *Ram*, and the *Goat*, she came to sum up the matter thus.—Lord, Unkle, there are a great many horn'd Beasts among the 12 Signs. Ay, but there's but one Virgin, Spitfire, but one Virgin, *says he*, No, reply'd *she*, *nor there had not been that neither; had she had to do with any thing but Astrologers.*

An *Irishman*, Servant to a Cavalier Colonel, understanding that his Master must lose his Estate for want of taking the Covenant; soon after hearing the Solemn League and Covenant cry'd about the Street; *Hoo-boo, be Creeft*, says *Teague*, *ee will tauk it for me Mashter*; so knock'd the Fellow down, and took his Books from him. *Teague* being brought before the Committee, was charg'd with Swearing; for which they made him pay a Shilling. And prauy, *says Teague*, vat is it for a Curse? Sixpence, reply'd the Clerk.—Bee me Shoul ee me have but

one Shaxpence in me Pocket, take it among ye.
—*And a Plague o'G—confound ye aw.*

A *Scotch Bag-Piper* travelling to *Ireland*, opening his *Wallet* by a *Wood side*, and sat down to *Dinner*; no sooner had he said *Grace*, but three *Wolves* came about him. To one he threw *Bread*, to another *Meat*, till his *Proven-der* was all gone.—At length he took up his *Bag-Pipes* and began to play, at which the *Wolves* ran away.—The *Deel* saw me, said *Sawny*, an I had ken'd ye lov'd *Musick* se, ye shou'd have had it before *Dinner*.

One being to give *Evidence* in behalf of a *Baker*, said, *He was as honest a Man as ever liv'd by Bread.*

A certain *Lady* brought her *Daughter* to *St. Martins* to be Married; little *Miss* look'd so unfit for *Business*, that the *Parson* innocently ask'd the *Mother*, if she had brought the *Child* to be *Christen'd*?

Clarissa, who had more *Beauty* than *Wit*, and more *Vanity* than good *Nature*, abruptly told one of her *Acquaintance* once, she was very homely.—No matter, reply'd the other, *I wou'd not change Faces with you, Clarissa, to be troubled with your Head altogether.*

A rich old *Miser* finding himself very ill, sent for a *Parson* to administer the last *Conso-lations* of the *Church* to him. Whilst the *Cere-mony*

mony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit. On his Recovery, the Dr. offer'd the Chalice to him; indeed, *crys he, I can't afford to lend you above Twenty Shillings upon't, I can't upon my Word.*

A Parson thinking to banter an honest Quaker, ask'd him where his Religion was before *George Fox's* time? Where thine was, says the Quaker before *Harry Tudors* time. Now thou hast been free with me, *added the Quaker*, prithee let me ask thee a Question.—Where was *Jacob* going when he was turn'd of ten Years of Age? Canst thou tell that? No, *said the Parson*, nor you neither, I believe. Yes I can, *replies the Quaker*, *he was going into his eleventh Year, was he not?* The Priest had enough of him.

One was asking, why Clergymen seldom or never forgave an Injury? Why, *says another*, because they have better Memories than the rest of the World, and never forget.

A Person try'd for stealing an Ivory Snuff-Box, the intrinsic Value of which was not sufficient to hang him; the Prosecutor to add weight to the Indictment, alledg'd that the Fashion of it cost him three Guineas. Oh! *says the Judge*, *but we must not hang People for Fashion-sake.*

Prince *Maurice*, who was esteem'd a very great Soldier; being ask'd who was the greatest General of the Age, handsomely answer'd, *The Marquis of Spinola is the second.*

A certain Lord's Coachman having sent the Postilion to get one of the Coach-Horses Shoo'd, the Fellow got drunk, and staid an unreasonable time: When he came, the Coachman loaded him with an hundred Imprecations.—
Why, says he, you need not be so angry, Joseph, for I went apace, and came apace.—
Ah, Plague on you, says the other, but you staid a plaguy while there. That I did, indeed, Joseph, answer'd the Fellow.

A famous Physician ventur'd 5000*l.* once upon a Project in the *South Sea*, when he was told at *Garraways's* 'twas all lost: *Well, says he, 'tis but going up 5000 pair of Stairs more.*

Examples make a greater Impression upon us than Precepts. An old Counsellor in *Holbourn* us'd to turn out his Clerks every Execution Day, with this Compliment.—*Go ye young Rogues, go to School and improve.*

A Gentleman having bespoke Supper at an Inn, desir'd his Landlord to Sup with him. The Host came up, and thinking to pay a greater Compliment than ordinary to his Guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the Cloth, and took the Plates and Knives and threw 'em down Stairs. The Gentleman resolving not to baulk his Humour, threw the Bottles and Glasses down also: At which the Host being surpriz'd, enquir'd the Reason? Nay, nothing, replies the Gentleman, *but when I saw you throw the Plates*
and

and Knives down Stairs, I thought you had a mind to Sup below Stairs.

A Country Fellow that had serv'd several Years in the Army Abroad, when the VVar was over, coming Home to his Friends, was receiv'd among 'em with great rejoicing; who heard, with no small Pleasure, the miraculous Stories he related, — *VVell, says the old Father, and prithee, Jack, what didst learn there? Learn, Sir, why I learnt to know, That when I turn'd my Shirt, the Lice had a Day's March to my Skin again.*

The old Earl of B——d, one of the most facetious Men of his Time, being once in VWaiting at Court, made an Excuse one Morning to leave the King, assuring his Majesty he wou'd be back to wait on him before 12 a-Clock, there being great Occasion for his Attendance. The King had enquir'd for him several Times, his Lordship having exceeded his Time: At length he came, and going to the Clock in the Drawing-Room, found it almost One; at which, a little enrag'd, he up with his Cane, and broke the Glafs of the Clock. The King asking him afterwards what made him break the Clock? I am sure, *says my Lord, your Majesty won't be angry when you hear; Prithee, said the King, what was it? Why, B——d, My Liege, the Clock struck first.*

A Young Fellow who had often solicited his Mother's Chamber-maid for a Favour, was still deny'd it, with this Answer, — *No, no, You'll*

hurt me, and then I shall cry out, and my Lady will hear, At length he overcame all Scruples. Now, says he, did I hurt you? Well, said she, and did I cry out?

A grave Philosopher meeting a fluttering young Fellow in the Street, was jostled by him. The former asking what was the matter? *Matter, replies the Beau, I don't use to give every Fool the VVall. Very true, says the other, But I do.*

Bessus, a noted cowardly Captain, was saying that the King was one of the bravest Soldiers in the VVorld: True, says Mardonius, but I wonder how thou canst to know it.

A long Reach, and a little Conscience, *says one, are as necessary Qualifications to a Minister of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to Man-midwife.*

Gaming finds a Man a *Cully*, and leaves him a *Knave*; Marriage makes People one *Flesh*, and leaves 'em two *Fools*.

VVhen the great Lord *Jefferies* was Pleading at the Bar once, a Country Fellow giving Evidence against his Client, push'd the Matter very home on the Side he swore of. *Jefferies*, after his usual Way, call'd out to the Fellow. — *Hark you, you Fellow in the Leather Doublet, what have you for Swearing?* To which the Countryman smartly reply'd, *Faith, Sir, If you have no*
more

more for Lying than I have for Swearing, you may go in a Leather Doublet as I do.

When he was Recorder of London, a Musician being about to speak ; *Jefferies* conceiving some Dislike at the Man, call'd aloud in the Court, *Well, you Fidler, what have you to say ?* At which the Person a little disgusted, said he was a Musician. — A Musician, says *Jefferies* ; and prithee what Difference is there between a *Fidler* and a *Musician* ? — Just as much, reply'd the other, as there is between a *Bag-pipe* and a *Recorder*.

The famous *Jack Ogle* of fecetious Memory; having borrow'd on Note five Pound, and failing the Payment, the Gentleman who had lent it, indiscreetly took occasion to talk of it in the publick Coffee-house, which oblig'd *Jack* to take Notice of it, so that it came to a Challenge. Being got into the Field, the Gentleman, a little tender in Point of Courage, offer'd him the Note up, to make the Matter up ; to which our Hero consented readily, and had the Note deliver'd : But now, said the Gentleman, if we should return without Fighting, our Companions will laugh at us ; therefore let's give on another a slight Scar, and say we wounded one another ; withal my Heart, says *Jack*, — Come I'll wound you first ; so drawing his Sword, he whipt it thro' the fleshy Part of his Antagonists Arm, till he brought the very Tears in his Eyes. This being done, and the Wound ty'd up with a Handkerchief. Come, says the Gentleman Now where shall

shall I wound you? *Jack* putting himself in a fighting Posture, cry'd, *Where you can, B—d, Sir.* Well, well, says the other, I can swear I receiv'd this Wound of you, and so march'd off contentedly.

Amelia, says one, Give her her due, has the best Reputation of any young Woman in Town, who has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction: I grant you, *replies another*, her Virtue and Discretion are sufficient to keep her from being corrupted by any thing but a Husband. How! a Husband, *says the former*. Yes, a Husband, answer'd the other, — *I have known many a Woman make a Difficulty of losing a Maidenhead, who have made none afterwards of making a Cuckold.*

Blockheads, *says a Lady*, are as malicious to Men of Sense, as ugly Women are to the greatest Beauties; as 'tis their Interest, so they make it their Business to defame 'em.

A merry Priest riding along the Road, spy'd a Fellow who had unluckily overturn'd his Cart, on whom he pass'd the usual Compliment on those Occasions, — So honest Carter, *says he*, I see you have kill'd the Devil. Yes, faith, Master, that I have, *and I have waited two Hours for a Parson to bury him, and you are come very seasonably.*

An extravagant young Fellow, rallying a frugal Country Squire, who had a good Estate, and

and spent but a little of it; said, among other Things, I'll warrant you, that Plate-Button'd Suit was your Great Grandfather's. Yes, says the other, *and I have my Great Grandfather's Land too.*

One who had been very Drunk with Ale, was complaining next Morning of his Head. — Pox on't, *says he*, I hate to be Porterly Drunk. D'ye so, answer'd a merry Fellow that stood by, now I love that best of all. Why so, says the former, *Because*, says he, *when I'm Porterly Drunk, I can carry my self Home.*

A Person who had a chargeable Stomach, us'd often to assuage his Hunger at a Lady's Table, having one time or other promis'd to help her to a Husband. At length he came to her, Now Madam, *says he*, I have brought you a Knight, a Man of Worship and Dignity, one that will furnish out a Table well.— Phoo, *says the Lady*, your Mind's ever running on your Belly.— No, says he, *'tis sometimes running o' yours, you see.*

A vigorous young Officer, who made Love to a Widow, coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his Arms. Hey Day, *says she*, What d'ye Fight after the French Way; take Towns before you declare War? No faith, Widow, *says he*, but I shou'd be glad to imitate 'em so far, *to be in the middle of the Country before you could resist me.*

'Twas

'Twas wisely done, as one observ'd, of a Surgeon to live next Door to a Bawdy-House ; a Short-hand Teacher, to a Meeting-house ; and one that had a good hand at Pimping , to place himself near the Court ; for then they might expect good Business.

'Twas wittily said of a Person who seldom spar'd any one's Reputation, or their Victuals, *That he never open'd his Mouth but at other People's Cost.*

One, who had been a very termagant Wife, lying on her Death-Bed, desir'd her Husband, that, as she had brought him a Fortune, she might have Liberty to make her Will, for bestowing a few Legacies to her Relations. No, B—d, Madam, *says he, You had your WILL all your Life-time, and now I'll have mine.*

One talking of a Gamester that courted a Lady, was ask'd, What Fortune he had, *Oh, very good Fortune at Play,* says he.

A Woman going to dun a Person in her Husband's Name ; said, She hop'd he intended to deal with her Husband like a Gentleman.. No, faith, *says he, I do'nt.* Why so, Sir, *says she,* Because then, *replies he, I should never Pay him, and Beat him into the Bargain.*

A Taylor coming to a Gentleman on the same Errand, the Gentleman, as he usually did, to
stop

stop his Mouth, call'd for some Sack to Treat him. Come, *says he*, Mr. *Stitch*, here's a Cup of Forbearance to you. Oh, *says the Taylor*, I'll Pledge you that in a Bumper. — Why, *says the Gentleman*, I drink to you that you may forbear your Money a little while: And I to you, *says the Taylor*, that I'll forbear working for you till I have my Money.

One told a Physician, he was the greatest Liar in the whole County: Why so, *said the Physician*? Because, *said he*, *I perceive you always tell People you are glad to see them well.*

A young Lady courted by an empty Country Squire, who her Father wou'd force her to marry, against her Inclination, which she had plac'd elsewhere. — Lord, *says she*, if this Fool persists, I'm undone: He over-hearing, *said*, Fool, Madam, d'ye know me? Yes, you see I do, *said she*, *For I call you by your Name.*

For a Woman to think to secure her Lover, when her Beauty that made him so, is decay'd, were to expect as great a Miracle as Transubstantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents are said to remain, when the Substance that supported them is vanish'd.

A Courtier importuning King *John* to untomb the Bones of one of his Barons, that had been his mortal Enemy. — No, *said the King*, *I cou'd rather wish all my Enemies were honourably Buried.* When

When *Metellus Nepos* ask'd *Cicero*, the Roman Orator, in a scoffing manner, who was his Father? *Cicero* reply'd, *Thy Mother has made that Question harder for thee to answer.*

A Person having been put to great Shifts to get Money to support his Credit; some of his Creditors at length sent him Word, that they would give him Trouble. Pox, says he, I have had Trouble enough to borrow the Money, and had not need be troubled to pay it again.

A Parson, who did not much lie under the Temptation, inveigh'd bitterly once in his Sermon against Usury and Extortion, inferring the Sin to be equal with willful Murder.—Not long after, he came to one of his Parishioners to borrow 20 l. for three Months without Interest: To which the Countryman answer'd, —Look ye, Sir, *If lending of Money at Interest be as great a Sin as Willful Murder, to lend Money GRATIS can be no less than Manslaughter.*

How unnatural is it to see a Parson wit a florid Countenance, and a Double Chin, preach up Abstinence in Lent.

A Citizen that thinks to compound for forty Years Knavery, by building a lowzy Hospital, or endowing a paultry Lecture, does not offer so much for a good Seat in Heaven, as he would do for one in *Middlesex*; he does not bid above ten Years Purchase for Eternity,

A thread-

A threadbare Antiquary coming to a Gentleman's House to do some Business for him. A Neighbour seeing him, ask'd who that was? Oh, *says the Gentleman*, he's a Man of Arms, I assure you.—*A Man out at Arms you mean*, reply'd the other.

One saying that a Match was carrying on betwixt such a one, and an Alderman's Daughter; Pray, *says another*, is it any thing forward? Oh, *very forward*, reply'd the other, *for she has contriv'd to run away with him already*.

A Gentleman taking an *Irish* Fellow his Servant, upon an Intrigue with him, and having very difficult Access to his Mistress, he contriv'd to send his Man into the House in disguise to carry a Letter.—It happen'd the Fellow was discover'd by the jealous Husband, and had like to have paid one of his Ears as a Tribute to his Master's Passion; but being wittily disengag'd by the Chambermaid, was dispatch'd privately out of the House, with an Answer to the Letter. The Fellow coming to his Master, said, Here, Sir, here is an *Answer to your Letter*, but be Creeft, if ever ee go a Whoring with you again, you shall go by your self for Patrick.

A Fellow coming out of the Country in a Leather Doublet, a *Londoner* meeting him, call'd to him.—Hark you, you *Sheep-skin*, where
was

was you born? *Why in Essex, you Calf you, reply'd the Fellow.*

Well, says an old Curmudgeon, equally a-covetous as litigious, they may talk what they will of their Dogs, their Whores, and their Horses; *but of all Sports give me a good Law Suit!*

A Pair of faithful Lovers being cross'd in their Inclinations, by the Interposition of a diminutive Coxcomb with a great Estate. The Lady one Day contriv'd it so, that her Lover came in, and not being able to endure the sight of a Rival, was a little familiar with his Posteriors, and giving his Nose one faithful tweak, left him to make his Complaint to his Mistress. Pray Madam, *says he, don't you Love me? I did just now, says she, when you were beaten, and shall do again upon the same Occasion.* Oh, your Servant, Madam, *there's no Occasion for that, I'll not be kick'd for ne'er a Woman alive, and so Farewel.*

A Person who was try'd for Sodomy, pleading for himself at the Bar,—cry'd, I beg your Lordship to consider, I am an undone Man, my Reputation is ruin'd with all Mankind.—Ay, and with all *Womenkind* too, you may depend on it, Sir, said one upon the Bench.

A young Gentleman having got a Neighbour's Maid with Child, the Man came and expostulated with him; Lord, Mr. *Charles*, said he, I wonder you wou'd do such a thing.—Prithee, where's

where's the Wonder, *John*, says the Spark? If she had got me with Child you might have wonder'd indeed.

One seeing an idle young Fellow, that was suppos'd to follow very indifferent Courses, was asking another who knew him better, how he liv'd? *Live*, says the other, *I don't know that, but I believe I can tell how he'll die.*

One having a very fat Wife, said to her, *Faith Nell, I wish my Mare was as fat as thou art. Why, I can tell you how that may soon be done*, says she. *Ay, prithee how? Why, ride your Mare no oftner than you do me, and she'll soon be in my Condition.*

A Traveller at an Inn once on a very cold Night, stood so near the Fire that he burnt his Boots: An arch Rogue that sat in the Chimney-Corner, call'd out to him, *Sir, you'll burn your Spurs presently: My Boots you mean, I suppose.* — *No, Sir*, says he, *they are burnt already.*

A Country Woman being sick, bequeath'd her Sow in Pig to the Parson; who thinking she would hardly recover, comes soon after and took the Sow away. The good Wife recovering, ask'd for her Sow, and being told, the Parson she had left her to, came when she was very bad, and had taken her away. Bless us, says she, the Parson is worse than the Devil, for one may call upon him twenty times to take one, before he'll

he'll do it; but I did but once bid the Parson take my Sow, and he fetch'd her immediately.

Queen *Elizabeth* seeing a Gentleman in her Garden, who had not felt the Effect of her Majesty's Favours so soon as he expected, looking out of her Window, said to him in *Italian*, *What does a Man think of, Sir Edward, when he thinks of nothing?* After a little Pause, he answer'd. — *He thinks, Madam, of a Woman's Promise.* The Queen shrunk in her Head, but was heard to say, *Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute you.* Anger makes dull Men witty, but it keeps them poor.

The Arch Duke of *Austria* having been forc'd to raise the Siege of a Town call'd *Grave* in *Holland*, and to retreat privately in the Night: Queen *Elizabeth* said to his Secretary here. — *What, your Master is risen from the Grave without Sound of Trumpet.*

In Eighty Eight, when the same Queen went from *Temple-Bar* along *Fleet-street*, on some Procession, the Lawyers were rang'd on one side of the Way, and the Citizens on the other. Says the Lord *Bacon*, then a Student, to a Lawyer that stood next him, Do but observe the Courtiers — *If they bow first to the Citizens, they are in Debt; if to us, they are in Law.*

King *James I.* as he was a Prince of great Judgment; so he was a Prince of a pleasant Disposition

position. He was wont to be very earnest with the Country Gentlemen to go from *London* to their Seats in the Country; and on this Occasion, wou'd sometimes tell em, *That at London they are like Ships at Sea, which made but little Appearance; but in your Country Villages, says he, you are like Ships in a River, which look great and formidable.*

Soon after the Death of a great Officer, who was judg'd to have been no great Advancer of the King's Affairs; the King said to his Solicitor *Bacon*, who was Kinsman to that Lord. 'Now *Bacon*, Tell me truly, What say you of your Cousin? Mr. *Bacon* answer'd, — Since your Majesty charges me to speak, I'll deal plainly with you, and give you such a Character of him as tho' I was to write his Story. — I do think he was no fit Counsellor to have made your Affairs better, yet he was fit to have kept them from growing worse. *O' my Saul*, quoth the King, *in the first thou speak'st like a true Man, and in the latter like a Kinsman.*

The same King, in one of his Progresses, ask'd how far it was to such a Town; they told him, Six Miles. Half an hour after, he ask'd again? one said, Six Miles and a half. He alighted out of his Coach, and went under the Shoulder of one of the Led-horses. — When some ask'd his Majesty what he meant? *I must stalk*, said he, *Yond Town is Shy, and flies me.*

A cer-

A certain Lady being compell'd to accuse her Husband of some Defects, in open Court, which Modesty restrain'd her from uttering, she humbly address'd the Court, that in Consideration of her Quality, she might have Pen and Ink, to write her Mind; which the Court granted, and the Clerk was order'd to furnish her with Pen, Ink, and Paper: Taking the Pen in her Hand, she dipp'd it into the Sand-Box instead of the Ink, and went to write; upon which, the Clerk said to her, — *Madam, you have no Ink in your Pen,* Truly, my Lord, say's she, *That's just my Case,* so I hope I need explain my self no further.

The Deputies of *Rochel*, attending to speak with *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, met with a Physician who had renounc'd the Protestant Religion, and embrac'd the Popish Communion, whom they began to revile most grievously. The King hearing of it, told the Deputies, He advis'd them to change cheir Religion too. — *For 'tis a dangerous Symptom,* says he, *that your Religion is not long-liv'd, when a Physician has given it over.*

Alphonfus, King of *Naples*, had in his Court a Jester, that us'd to take Notice of the Follies of the great Men at Court; the King having a *Moor* in his Household, gave him ten Thousand Ducats, and sent him to the *Levant*, to buy Horses; which the Fool observing, clapt it presently into his Pocket-Book. Soon after, the King, who us'd to divert himself with it, call'd

call'd for the Book, and seeing what was written, ask'd the Jester, Why his Name was there? Marry, *says he*, because you have given your Money to one whom you are never like to see again: But if he does come again, *says the King*, and bring the Horses, what will you say then? *Why then*, *says he*, *I'll blot out your Name, and put in his.*

Appelles, the famous Painter, having drawn the Picture of *Alexander* the Great, on Horseback, brought it and presented it to the Prince; but he not bestowing that Praise on it which so excellent a Piece deserv'd, *Appelles* desir'd a living Horse might be brought; who, mov'd by Nature, fell a Prancing and Neighing, as tho' it had actually been his living Fellow-Creature; Whereupon *Appelles* told *Alexander*, *His Horse understood Painting better than himself.*

Godfrey of *Bulloign* being entreated to be crown'd King of *Jerusalem*, in *Palestine*: He reply'd, *He would never wear a Crown of Gold where his Lord and Master had worn one of Thorns,*

Two *Oxford* Scholars meeting on the Road, with a *Yorkshire* Ostler, they fell to bantering the Fellow, and told him, they could prove him a Horse, an Ass, or any Thing.—When they were going, the Fellow remember'd it. — Now, *says he*, Gentlemen, you have prov'd me to be an Ass, a Horse, and I know not what, if you'll not be angry, I can prove your Saddle to be a Camel;

Camel. Angry, — No, no, *said one of them*, prethee let's hear how you prove my Saddle to be a Camel. — *Why, because 'tis between a Horse and an Ass.*

One meeting a surly Gentleman, and asking him what a-Clock it was? *Pox*, says he, *D'ye take me for a Church-Clock, that is oblig'd to tell the whole Parish.*

On old Gentleman who had married a fine young Lady, and being terribly afraid of Cuckoldom, took her to Task one Day, and ask'd her, if she had consider'd what a crying Sin it was in a Woman to cuckold her Husband? — Lord, my Dear, *says she*, what d'ye mean? *I never had such a Thought in my Head, nor never will.* No, no, reply'd he, — *I shall have it in my Head, you'll have it somewhere else.*

Few People care for any body that has more Wit than themselves. — Don't you see, *says Scandal*, how worthless Great Men, and dull rich Rogues avoid a witty Man with a small Fortune: — He looks like a VVrit of Enquiry into their Titles and Estates, and seems commission'd from Heaven to seize the better half.

You can't accuse me of Inconstancy, *says Angelica to her Lover*; I never told you that I lov'd you: But I can accuse you of Uncertainty, *says he*, for not telling me whether you did or no.

A Coach,

A Coachman coming into a Chocolate-House, told the People, they must bring two Dishes of Chocolate, and a Glass of Cinnamon-Water to the Coach Side for three Ladies. At which a Gentleman that was in the Room, cry'd, *That's for two fasting Strumpets, and a Bawd troubled with Wind.*

One no more owes one's Beauty to a Lover, says a fine Lady, than one's Wit to an Eccho; they can but reflect what we look and say: Yes, says her Lover, to those two empty Things you owe two of the greatest Pleasures of your Life. — How so, says she, — *Why to your Lover,* adds he, *you owe the Pleasure of hearing your selves prais'd, and to an Eccho, the Pleasure of hearing your selves talk.*

A Lady, whose Beauty was very much on the Decline, having sent her Picture to a Gentleman that was to come a wooing to her, bid her Chamber-maid, when she was going to Dress her, take care in repairing her Decays a little, or she shou'd not look like her Picture. I warrant you, Madam, says she, laying on the *Bavarion Red*, *A little Art once made your Picture like you, and now a little of the same Art shall make you like your Picture.*

A beautiful young Lady, but extremely fanciful and humourous, being on the Point of resigning her self into the Arms of her Lover, began to enter on Conditions, that she expected should be observ'd after the Articles were sign'd

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and executed.—Among the rest, says the *Positively*, *I will lie a-Bed as long as I please in a Morning* : Withal my Heart, Madam, says he, *provided I may get up when I please*.

One jealous of his Wife, said, That if her Conduct had put a Trick upon her Virtue, her Virtue was the Bubble, but her Husband the Loser.

A young Fellow of the Town having been at Play all Night, and lost his Money, has he was going home pretty early next Morning, one pass'd him, crying, *Have you any Ends of Gold and Silver, &c.* Yes, yes, says he, *Pox on't, I've have made an End of my Gold and Silver too*.

Two Sisters, equally possess'd with the Spirit of Frailty, us'd to manage their Intrigues separately : at length one of them, by a certain Token, discovering that her Sister had robb'd her of her Lover, she upbraided her with it very smartly, and the other as confidently deny'd it : Since you deny it, said the former, *Pray where did you lose this Gold Bodkin ? Oh Sister ! Sister !* The other a little struck at first, recovering her Surprize, cry'd — *Well, if you go to that, where did you find it ? Oh Sister ! Sister ! Sister every way*.

Some wild young Fellows being brought before a Magistrate for committing Disorders, and he having had some Complaints of 'em before, told 'em, among other Things, that he'd make them

them give an Account how they liv'd? Faith Sir, says one of them, *the best way to know that, is to come and live among us.*

A termagant Sempstress coming to dun a young Fellow at his Lodgings, where he was terribly afraid to have his Landlady hear; she began to open her Quail Pipes at a great rate; but was presently seiz'd with a Fit of coughing. — Lord, says she, *I've got such a Cold I can hardly speak.* Nay, as to that, says he, *I don't care how softly you speak.* Don't tell me of speaking softly, says she, *Let me have my Money, or I'll take the Law of you.* — Do, says he, then you'll be forc'd to hold your Tongue, *for the Law allows no Body to scold in their own Cause.*

An old Gentleman told his Son, that if he disoblig'd him, he'd marry again and make his Heart ake. Gad, Father, says he, if you play the Fool, and marry at these Years, *there'll be more Danger of your Head aking than my Heart.*

A Serving-man being sent to tell a Gentleman, that his Lord was coming to visit him. — Say ye so, answer'd the Gentleman, *Pray is he at Hand?* No, reply'd the Fellow, *he's a Foot, Sir.*

One was saying, that Whoring was as necessary as Physick. Say ye so, says another, why, *if Whoring may be reckon'd Purging, then Matrimony seems to be entering into a Course of Physick.*

A Water-man that belong'd to the *Tower*, being put up by one of the Players into the upper Gallery at the Play-house in *Drury-lane*, the Fellow not being very sober, fell down into the Pit; but having the old Proverb on his Side, he got little Hurt. Some time after he came again to his Friend, and desir'd the same Favour.—Aye, aye, says he, you shall go up, because you are free of the House.—But d'ye hear, if you fall down any more, you shall never see a Play here again, I tell you that.

A Country Fellow being sent out of the Country of an Errand into *Fleet-street*, forgot his Directions; and enquiring of a Porter, he said, he wanted a Gentleman that lodg'd at a Bookseller's; the Porter ask'd what Sign it was? Nay, says the Fellow, I can't tell what Sign it is.—Then I can, says the Porter.—Thank you, says the Fellow, pray do then.—Why, 'tis a Sign you won't find it.

Another Fellow was sent to a notorious Bawdy-house, formerly in *Salisbury-Court*, and had remember'd to forget his Message. Coming among the Neighbours to enquire, he said, he wanted a *Bedfordshire* Woman, but he had forgot her Name—Forgot her Name, says one! then who the Devil shou'd tell what you want? Now you name the *Devil*, says the Fellow, you have brought it into my Head,—'tis the Sign of the *Angel*.—Nay, answer'd the other, if you had had

had ask'd for the *Devil*, we had sent you thither at first,—and so directed him to the House.

Money is Dirt, meer Dirt, says a Sharper to Sir Joseph Wittal: Aye, says Sir Joseph, *tis a Dirt I've wash'd my Hands of at present.*

One who had married a Light-heel'd Wife, instead of an innocent Country Girl, which he took her for, was severely rallied, upon the Discovery, by his Acquaintance. Among the rest, a young Lady having been very severe with him, he called to her Lover, who was present, saying, Sir, *Take off your Wasp, I have a Fly-slap else:—You'll have Occasion for't*, says she, *your Wife has been blown upon.*

A Gentleman having some Friends about him, says to one of 'em,—He cou'd find in his Heart to leave him the Gout for a *Legacy*.—Faith, says another, *I shou'd be loth to have such a Leg-as-he.*

One asking a Journeyman Taylor how his Master far'd? Fare, Sir, says the Fellow, why, he fares upon good Beef and Mutton, Veal, Pork, *Goose*, and so forth. I mean, as to his Health, says the Person.—Oh! as to his Health, Sir, he fares *Sow, Sow.*

Covetousness at Sixty is usually the most predominant Vice: Old *Gripe* all sending his Son to court a Lady of Fortune, put a couple of Shillings in his Pocket, bidding him take Care not

to come Home drunk, with a Train of Fiddles at his Heels.

Why should Nature, says one, which can as easily make a wise Man as a Fool, make a hundred Fools for one wise Man; but that she knows them to be the most profitable and useful Creatures of the whole Creation?

A nimble Finger'd Girl, when a rude Fellow came to kiss her, saluted him with a slap o' the Chops. — 'Sdeath, says he, what's that for? For. — why, for you, says she; my Lips are bespoken, my Hands are at your Service. Then prithee, to be Friends, let me kiss your Hand. No, hold there, says she, *you have done that already.*

Sir Thomas Moor, a little before he dy'd, making Water, said to the Lieutenant of the Tower, Look here Lieutenant, is this Urine like a Man that's just going to die? Why really, Sir Thomas, to know your Distemper rightly, answered the Lieutenant, *One ought to cast the King's Water.*

Sir Thomas having many Daughters, but no Sons, his Lady was almost constantly wishing for a Boy, which at length she had, but he prov'd very simple. — Fair Wife, says Sir Thomas, thou hast often wished for a Boy, and now thou art truly gratified, — *For o' my Soul, this will be a Boy as long as he lives.*

Two Sharpers practising a Cheat upon an empty Coxcomb, a Quarrel was feign'd, and he was to purchase his Peace with a Sum of Money: A Hundred Pound was demanded — One of them pretending to be the Gentleman's Friend, set the other off for a very terrible Fellow, — one that had kill'd his 20 Men before, therefore strike him quickly, adds he, before he raises his Price. — *Raises the Devil*, replied the Squire, *Where the Plague shall I raise the Money?*

Lovemore, says his Friend, thinks every Woman he sees in Love with him. No, Faith, says he, *I don't, but I am sure I am in Love with all them.*

One who had been mew'd up some Time for Debt, coming Abroad again, said, he had been like a Fox in a Hunting Country; if he got out of his Hole, he ran the Hazard of being snapp'd; if he staid in it, he was in Danger of being starv'd.

An effeminate Fop calling his Whore his Miss; Pox o' that new Name, says a blunt Fellow, the old one was WHORE, our *Ancestors never knew any other.*

A plain Country Yeoman bringing his Daughter to Town, said, For all she was brought up altogether in the Country, she was a Girl of Sense. Yes, says a pert young Female in the

Company, *Country Sense*. Why Faith, Madam, says the old Fellow, *Country Sense is better than London Impudence sometimes.*

Lawyers and Chamber-maids, says a wicked young Fellow, are like *Balaam's Ass*, *They never speak unless they see an Angel.*

Sudden Transports of Joy operate very powerfully on the Spirits. — One going to his Wife's Funeral, said, Don't go so fast; *what need we make a Toil of a Pleasure?*

Give me a Man without a Fortune, says a discreet young Lady, rather than a Fortune without a Man.

A smart young Fellow, who had a smattering of Wit, with a perpetual Rotation of Tongue, was told by his Friend in Company, that he stole all his Speeches. I deny that, says he, *for I buy the Books out of which I take them.*

A Booby Squire making Love to a young Lady, among other Compliments, to'd her;— *He could not sleep for dreaming of her.*

Another of the same Species of Animals, in the midst of his Courtships, wanted his Man: Adheart! says he, where is this Blockhead? *Upon your Shoulders*, says the Lady.

An

An old antiquated Coxcomb, who had a Wife, both younger and wiser than himself; was always bragging of her Interest at Court; her only study, says he, Day and Night, is to make me rise.—*Ay*, says another, *out of Bed from her, because thou art good for nothing there.*

Marrying without an Estate, says one, is like sailing in a Ship without *Ballast*, in danger of oversetting.—As he that marries without Virtue, sails in a *leaky Vessel*, and may anchor at Cuckold's-Point.

Love, says an amorous young Fellow, is natural; and 'tis a Disease not to be subject to.

Some Persons talking of a fine Lady that had many Suitors: Well, says one among them, you may talk of this *great Man*, and that *great Man*; of this Lord, and t'other Knight; but I know a Fellow without a Foot of Estate, that will carry her before 'em all.—Phoo, Demme, that's impossible, says another, *unless you mean her Coachman.*

Vows and Oaths in Love, says one, are like Counters at Play; we set up with them, but never mind them after the Game's over.

A Lover's Head is a good accountable Thing truly, he adores his Mistress for being Virtuous, and yet is vex'd because she won't be Loved.

You Scandal, says a Lady, do you think any Woman Virtuous? — Yes, says he, *but it is as I think some Men Valiant, through Fear; for why should a Man court Danger, or a Woman shun Pleasure?*

'Tis a Question would puzzle an Arithmetician, should you ask him, whether the Bible saves more Souls in *Westminster-Abbey*, or damns more in *Westminster-Hall*?

Every Man plays the Fool once in his Life; but Marriage is playing the Fool all one's Life long.

He that gives all to a Woman and the Church, is sure to have the Love of the Females and the Priests.

For a Woman to use her Lover ill, for no other Reason, but because he professes himself her Slave, is pleading the Error of her Judgment in Defence of the Practice.

Where Modesty is construed ill Manners, it is but fit that Impudence and Malice should pass for Wit.

A cowardly Servant having been Hunting with his Lord, they had kill'd a Wild Boar; the Fellow seeing the Boar stir, betook himself to a Tree; on which the Lord call'd to him, and ask'd him what he was afraid of, the Boars Guts were out? *No matter for that, says he — his Teeth are in.*
A Widow

A Widow and the Government are ready upon all Occasions to tax the new Husband and the new Prince; unless the former Husband was hang'd, and the former King sent to Grass, and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Destiny.

A Woman may learn one useful Hint from the Game of *Back-Gammon*, which is, not to take up her Man till she is sure of binding him.—Had poor *M—d* thought of this, when she had once gain'd her *Point*, she would never afterwards have made such a *Blot* in her *Tables*.

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment; some Men get Places, as *Irishmen* do Fortunes, by resolving not to be deny'd, and hunting them as Boys do Squirrels, till they are weary, and fall down before them.

Could a Woman keep her Failings to herself, as well as she does her Age, *Cheaf side* would be the happiest Place in the World, and the House of Lords would not be troubled every Session so much about Bills of Divorce.

Examples make a greater Impression upon us than Precept.—An old Counsellor in *Holbourn*, us'd, every Execution Day, to turn out his Clerks, with this Compliment,—Go, ye young Rogues, go to School and learn.

Some

Some young Fellows commit Matrimony as they do Murder, out of a Frolick, and are ready to hang themselves, or be hang'd by the Law next Morning.

To find a young Fellow that is neither a Wit in his own Eye, or a Fool in the Eye of the World, is a very difficult Task.

Of all our Infirmities, Vanity is the dearest to us; a Man will starve his other Vices to keep that alive. Now many pretty Fellows at *Man's*, *Button's* Coffee-Houses, have laid out the only Half-crown they had in the World upon an Ounce of Snuff, when they wanted a Dinner, and their Lodgings went unpaid.

Young *Squander's* Pension for his Weekly Expences, amounts just to twenty Shillings, his Chairmen runs away with eighteen of it, and he finds Tea, Chocolate, Essence and Powder out of the rest.

A Thousand Actions pass in the World for Virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord releas'd *Arsennus* out of Prison, and paid his Debts; this every one applauded as an Act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that his Lordship lay every Night with *Arsennus's* Sister.

A fond old Matron having an incomprehensible Booby to her Son, said, she designed him

him for an Office. Faith, says one that heard her, *it must be a House of Office then.*

I'll swear, says a Gentleman to his Mistress, you are very handsome.—Phoo, said she, so you'd say tho' you did not think so. *And so you'd think,* answer'd he, *though I should not say so.*

A pert confident Fellow was telling a Gentleman, That he came up Stairs into the World, for he was born in a Cellar. *And Faith,* says a Gentleman, *by your Looks you may go up Stairs out of the World too.*

A gigantick Man, and a Book of a monstrous Size, generally fall short of what they seem to promise. An ordinary Soul can no more actuate and inform an overgrown Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of two Hundred Pound a Year, should affect to live at *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income.

'Tis the most nonsensical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, since it is in the meanest Wretch's Power to mortify him, and he is despis'd for the very Thing that he thinks most valuable in him. How dull and uneasy have I seen a well dress'd Coxcomb look in the Drawing-Room, when the Company have turned their Eyes from his gaudy Equipage.

Vanity

Vanity is so inseparable from our Nature, that it survives our Ashes, and takes Care of Epitaphs and Tombstones before we die. *Cleopatra* was brave as *Caesar*, and had given Proofs of it upon several Occasions; yet once upon a Time had a Dish of hot Coffee flung in his Face, and bore it patiently. The Reason was, he had a dirty Shirt on, and was loath to die in it.

'Tis the most unpardonable Affront in the World, to tell a Woman she is old. My Lord *A—*, who was the greatest Courtier of his Time, us'd to say to his Lady every *New-years-day*; *Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyship please to be this Year?*

How insatiate is a Man's Spleen, when his Senses are deprav'd and nauseated. What a clogging Meat is Love, says Sir *John Brute*, when Matrimony is the fauce to it? Two Years Marriage has debauch'd my five Senses; every Thing I see, every Thing I hear, every Thing I feel, and every Thing I taste has *Wife* in it. No Boy was ever so weary of his Tutor, no Girl of her Bib, no Nun of doing Pennance, nor no old Maid of being chaste, as I am of being married.

She that marries a *Fool*, commits the Reputation of her Honesty or Understanding to the World; and she that marries a *Wit*, submits both to the insolent Conduet of her Husband. I should like a Man of Wit for a Lover, says a young Lady, because I would have such a one
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in my Power, but I would no more be his Wife than his Enemy; for his Malice is not a more terrible Consequence of his Aversion than his Jealousy is of his Love.

If Marriage be Honourable, says one, why should Cuckoldom be a Disgrace, which is derived from the same Stem, and is its natural Offspring.

There are very few Instances, wherein a Man can't find some Excuse for his Frailty or Vices. Some Years ago, when there was great Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamstead* talk'd, that there were *Macula* in the Sun; a young Fellow that us'd never to go to Bed till Break of Day, nor rise till the Dusk of the Evening; being ask'd, What made him live such a strange Course of Life.—Oh! says he, *the Royal Society say the Sun is out of Order, and I could never endure to see sick Folks.*

A Philosopher being asked why learned Men frequented rich Mens Houses, but rich Men seldom visited the learned.—Answered, *That the first knew what they wanted, but the latter did not.*

Amongst the Articles exhibited to King *Henry* by the *Irish*, against the Earl of *Kildare*, the last concluded thus.—*And finally, all Ireland cannot rule the Earl.* Then says the King, *The Earl shall rule all Ireland,* and so made him Deputy.

One

One ask'd, why People sooner gave to Beggars than Scholars? Why, reply'd another, *because they think they may sooner come to be one, than the other.*

A *Beau* and a *Wit*, says one, set up with little or no Expence. A Pair of red Stockings, a lac'd Bosom and a Sword-Knot, sets up the one; and peeping in once or twice a Day at *Button's* and the *Play-House*, with two or three Second-hand Sayings, qualifies the other.

A *Wit*, says another, should no more be sincere, than a Woman constant; the one argues a Decay of Parts, as the other does of Beauty.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Astrologer does his Almanack, to the *Meridian* of the Place and People where it is published.—What Stuff it is to preach against Usury towards *St. James's*, and Fornication in *Lombard-street*; no, invert the Tables, preach against Usury in the *City*, and Fornication at *St. James's*.

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppression, Bribery, and the like, may be preached against in all the Churches betwixt *Berwick* and the *Lands-End*.

Some Divines make the same Use of the *Fathers* and *Councils*, as our *Beaus* do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Shew and Ornament. — Is not one good Argument worth

a Thousand Citations? To quote St. Gregory, St. Austin, or any other *Red-letter'd* Saints, to prove any such important Truth as this; *That Virtue is commendable, and all Excess to be avoided*, is like sending for the Sheriff to come with his *Posse-Comitatus*, to disperse a few Boys at Foot-Ball, when it might be done without him.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may, in some Sense, be said to be a Benefactor to the Publick, because he furnishes it with Bumfodder and Soldiers; but it is impossible for him to bestow enough on them to make them appear handsomely in the World.

Some Books, says one, like the City of London, *fare the better for being burnt*.

Plays and Romances sell better than Books of Devotion, but with this Difference, *more People read the former than buy them, and more People buy the latter than read them*.

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rablais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books which come out, because they will never be printed again.

One recommending a Physician to a distemper'd Person, said, he was none of those Doctors who us'd to husband Diseases, but lov'd to dispatch his Patients: Besides, adds he, *if you should die under his Hands, your Heirs will never find fault with him*.

Count

Count Gundamour, the *Spanish* Ambasiadour here, in Queen Elizabeth's Time, sent a Compliment to the Lord St. Albans, with whom he liv'd in no good Terms, wishing him a merry *Easter*. My Lord thank'd the Messenger, and said he cou'd not requite the Count better, than by wishing him a good *PASS-OVER*.

Plutarch us'd to say of Men of small Capacities set up in great Places, were like little Statues, set upon great Pillars, made to appear the less by their Advancement.

A certain Philosopher, when he saw Men in a hurry to finish any Matter, us'd to say, Stay a little, that we may make an End the sooner.

Sir Francis Bacon was wont to say of a Passionate Man, who suppress'd his Anger, that he thought worse than he spoke, and of an angry Man, that wou'd vent his Passion in Words, That he spoke worse than he thought.

The same Gentleman us'd to say, that Power in an ill Man, was like the Power of a Witch, He cou'd do harm, but no good; as the Magicians, says he, cou'd turn Water into Blood, but cou'd not turn Blood into Water again.

He was likewise wont to commend much the Advice of a plain Old Man at *Buxton*, who sold Brooms. A prond Lazy young Fellow came to him for a Beesom upon Trust, to whom the Old Man said, Friend, hast thou no Money? bor-

row of thy Back, and borrow of thy Belly, they'll ne'er ask thee for't; I shall be dunning thee every Day.

A Lady asking a Beau whether he did not love Reading? — Oh, Passionately Madam, says he, but I never think of what I read — Why, added the Lady, can you read without Thinking? *Can your Ladyship Pray without Devotion*, says he?

Fond Wives do by their Husbands, says one, as barren Wives do by their Lap-Dogs, cram them with Sweet-Meats till they cloy their Stomachs.

The Inconstancy we frequently see in Men of Sense, do's not so much proceed from the uncertainty of their Tempers, as the Misfortune of their Love; *For either the Woman he most likes, likes some-body else better than he, or else uses him like a Dog, because he likes no Body so well as she.*

A young Fellow being told that his Mistress was married; to convince him of it, the Party added that he had seen the Bride and Bridegroom. Prithee, said he, don't call 'em by that Name, I can't bear it — Shall I call 'em Dog and Cat then, replied the other — No, no, *that sounds more like Man and Wife than t'other.*

When Recruits were raising for the late Wars, a Serjeant told his Captain that he had got him a
very

very extraordinary Man : Aye, says the Captain, prithee what's he ? A Butcher, Sir, replies the Sergeant, and your Honour will have double Service of him, *for we had two Sheep-stealers in the Company before.*

Solon said well to *Cresus* when he show'd him his Gold : Sir, if any other comes that has better Iron than you, he will be Master of this Gold.

Jack Weeks, who was a pleasant Fellow, said of a Great Man, just then dead, and had been none of the best Livers — *Well, I hope his Lordship is in Heaven, every Man thinks as he wishes ; but if he be there, 'twere Pity it should be known.*

When *Jack Weeks* himself came to die, a Friend of that great Man's said, *what Pity 'tis Jack WEEKS could make his DAYS no longer.*

A harmless Country Fellow having commenc'd a Suit against a Gentleman that had beat down his Fences, and spoil'd his Corn : when the Assizes grew near, his Adversary brib'd his only Evidence to keep out of the Way : Well, says the Fellow, I'm resolv'd I'll up to Town, and the King shall know it — The King know it, says his Landlord, who was an Attorney, prithee what Good will that do you, if the Man keeps out of the Way ? Why, Sir, says the poor Fellow, *I have heard you say the King could make a Man A PEER any time.*

Power.

Powerful Champaign is a great quickner of the Understanding. A young Fellow is apt to make Love after a Bottle, as a drunken Country Vicar is to dispute of Religion, when his Patron's Ale grows stronger than his Reason.

Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest Kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for Husbands, and yet are apt to be angry, if they make the right Use of them. I wou'd no more be bound, says a young Lady, to marry a Fool, because I might rule him, than I wou'd be to ride an Ass, because the Creature was tractable.

The universal Reception Marriage has met with in the World, is enough to fix it for a Publick Good; but there are some Constitutions like some Instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tollerable Musick by themselves, but never go well in Consort — *The way to Love with Success in one Place, says a young Fellow, is to marry in another with Conveniency.*

One speaking of an agreeable young Fellow, said, he had Wit enough to call his good Nature in Question, and yet good Nature enough to make his Wit suspected.

A Tradesman sending his Bill to a Gentleman, by his Apprentice; Prithee, says the Gentleman, tell thy Master I an't running away. — No, Sir, reply'd the Boy, but my Master is.

A

In the Army in *Flanders* there was a Soldier who out-topp'd the rest of the Company by the Head at least! In the Time of Engagement it happen'd a lucky Shot took his Head off. At which an Arch Fellow, who was next in the Rank to him, cry'd, *Ay, Pox——Now he's fit for our Company.*

One seeing a Person who had a very small Bob Wig on, said to him, *Sir, the Dam of your Wig was certainly a Whisker——* That cannot be, replied the other, *for it is but an EAR-WIG.*

When a Person has any external Imperfection, his Business is to make amends for it by great Merit. Accordingly 'twas finely said of one of the *Roman Wits* of *Julius Caesar*, who had a bald Place on his Head, *That he had cover'd it with Laurel.*

To what an Ebb of Taste are Women fallen, that it shou'd be in the Power of a lac'd Coat and a Feather to recommend a Gallant to them: Taylors and Perriwig-makers, are become the Bawds of the Nation: That Fop that has not wherewithall by Nature to move a Cookmaid, shall by a little of their Assistance be able to subdue a Countess.

A very Eminent Fop having bespoke a Perriwig, the Maker, to recommend it the better, said, *He had made him a Wig so long and so full,*
that

that 'twould serve him for a *Hat and Cloak* all *Weathers*.

A Lady seeing a tollerable pretty Fellow, who by the help of his Taylor and Sempstress, had transform'd himself into a Beau, said——What Pity 'tis to see one whom Nature has made no Fool, so industrious to pass for an *Ass*: Rather, says another, one should Pity those, whom Nature abuses, than those who abuse Nature: *Besides, the Town would be robb'd of one half of its Diverſion, if it should become a Crime to laugh at a Fool.*

Of all Coxcombs, the most intollerable in Conversation is your Fighting-Fool, and your opinionated Wit; the one is always Talking to shew his Parts, and the other always Quarrelling to shew his Valour.

One said of a Fantastical silly Fellow, *That he was the Folio of himself, bound up in his own Calves Leather, and Gilt about the Edges.*

When the late *Dauphine* of France said to the facetious Duke of *Roequelaure*; *Stand farther off Roequelaure, for you stink*: The Duke reply'd, *I ask your Pardon, Sire, 'tis you that Smells, not I.*

In *Oliver's* Time, when People were married by a Justice of Peace; one giving a Reason for it, said, *That none was so fit to Marry others, as he that by Virtue of his Office was impower'd to lay People by the Heels.* An

An old Fellow coming upon his Son in Disguise to detect him in some of his Tricks; the young one, not knowing, or pretending not to know him, cudgell'd him pretty heartily, which oblig'd the old Fellow to discover himself to the Disappointment of his Project. At the Sight of his Father's Face; the younger fell a struggling, and cry'd out, Oh his Bones, his Bones; your Bones, Sirrah! says the old Gentleman—Why aye, Sir, reply'd the Son, *han't I been beating my own Flesh and Blood all this while.*

When the Forces were going to Land near Cadiz, in the Year 1702, an Officer who was in one of the sternmost Boats, encourag'd the Men to row away, and he wou'd give 'em a good Reward; which had such an Effect, that they came one of the very first to Shore; an *Irish* Fellow, who was one of the Boats Crew, coming to the Officer, said, *Be my Shoul, Sir, we are FIRST AT LAST, tho' we were BEHIND BEFORE.*

One seeing the Sign of the *Golden-Cross*, said there's the Sign of the *Old Proverb* How so, cry'd another; because, says he, *GOLDEN CROSSES*, are *FAT SORROWS*, and those you know are better than lean ones.

A Gentleman who had married a Lady, and instead of a Maidenhead, found her endu'd with an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of the Matter, but honestly thank'd God, *That now he had a Hole to put his Head in.*

It

It has been frequently said, that Marriage and Hanging go by Destiny. There is, indeed, this Resemblance between them, says one, *Hanging as well as Marrying is a Knot, which only Death can dissolve.*

The Roman-Catholicks make a Sacrament of Matrimony, and in Consequence of that Notion, pretend that it confers Grace: The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high, but say, this ought to be understood in a qualified Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as that, generally speaking, it confers Repentance; which every Body knows is a Step towards Grace.

A wild young Fellow who had spent his Fortune, being ask'd what he intended to do with himself? said, he design'd to go into the Army. How can that be, says one, you're a *Jacobite*, and can't take the Oaths. You may as well tell me, says he, *That I can't take Orders because I'm an Atheist.* I ask your Pardon, replied the other, — *I did not know the Strength of your Conscience, so well as I did the Weakness of your Purse.*

A decay'd Gentleman coming to one who had been a Servant, to borrow Money of him, receiv'd a very scurvy Answer, concluded in the following Words. *Lord, Sir, what a ye trouble me for? I've no Money to lend. I'm sure you Lye,* says the Gentleman, *For if you was not Rich, you durst not be so sawcy.*

E

A Gen.

A Gentleman coming to London, and enquiring of his Friends, what was doing in Town?— Was answer'd, — *That at the City-End of the Town they were cheating to get Estates; and at the Court-End, playing the Fool to spend 'em.*

A Lady who wanted to pick a Quarrel with her Husband, was at a Loss how to provoke him. *Slife*, says another marry'd Lady, I'd spit in his Face. *Alas*, reply'd she, *that won't do; when Men are in the Kissing-Fit, like Lat-Dogs, they take that for a Favour.*

An old Gentleman who design'd to marry his beautiful young Daughter to a rich deform'd Lord, was mightily dissuaded from it, as an unsuitable Match, altho' he pleaded strongly in behalf of the great Honour and Wealth that would accrue by it. A pert young Female who stood by, said, she was sure she cou'd give a Reason against the Match, that he himself cou'd not disprove — *And what is that pray*, says the old Gentleman? — *Why*, says she, *I wou'd have nothing marry a Baboon, but what has been got by a Monkey.*

An extravagant young Gentleman, to whom the Title of Lord, and a good Estate, was just fallen, being a little harra's'd by Duns, bid his Steward tell 'em, — *That whilst he was a private Gentleman, he had Leisure to run in Debt; but being now advanc'd to a higher Brink, he was too busy to pay them.*

An

An old Fellow having a great Itch after his Neighbour's young Wife, employ'd her Chamber-maid in the Business. At their next Meeting, he enquir'd what Answer the Lady had sent him. — Answer, says the Girl, why she has sent you *This* Giving him a smart Slap on the Chops. for a Token. The old Fellow, rubbing his Chops, cry'd, *And* you have lost none of it, by the Way, I thank you.

A Country Girl that sold Butter and Eggs, having got into Favour of an Officer who quarter'd in the Town, told her Brother, she would get him prefer'd; and therefore bid him cock his Hat and look big — *Alasheart*, says the Fellow, *I fear some Body will look big sooner than Folks imagine.*

A Gentleman coming to Town, and losing all his Cloaths, unless the Riding Suit he had on, which he was forc'd to appear in; one told him, he had a good Excuse for it, he cou'd wear better when he pleas'd. *I have a better Excuse at present*, says the Gentleman, *These are the best I have.*

Contradiction is a very reigning Quality among the Women. A young Widow being ask'd, Whether she had resolv'd never to marry again? Answer'd — No. — *I resolve I will marry, that I never may.*

'Twas said to a Lady of the same steadiness of Temper, *That she never knew what she'd have.*

That's a Mistake, says she, — *I always know what I lack, but I'm never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a Thing is perplexing enough, but the Possession of it is intollerable.*

— Is it possible, says a Gentleman to his Friend, who was going to make a *Smithfield Bargain*, you can value a Woman that's to be bought? Why not, says the other, as well as a *Pad-Nag*. — *Because*, reply'd his Friend, *a Woman has a Heart to dispose of, a Horse has none.*

— A young Fellow who had made an End of all he had, even to his last Suit of Cloaths; one said to him, — Now, I hope, you'll own your self a happy Man, for you have made an End of all your Cares. How so, said the Gentleman. — *Because*, said the other, *You've nothing left to take care of.*

A gay Fellow coming into Company with a full Wig, and a good Front, wanted to borrow Five Pieces of a Gentleman present. As soon as he was gone, it rais'd every one's Curiosity to know what he was: One said, By his Wig and Assurance, he should be a Gamester. — No, says another, *He's rather a Courtier by his Borrowing.*

A Gentleman complaining of a Misfortune, said, It was long of that Drunken Sot his Man, who could not keep himself sober. — With Respect to your Worthip, says the Fellow. — *I know very few Drunken Sots that do keep themselves sober.*

A Qua-

A Quaker enquiring after the Health of a certain Lord, was told, That he was excessively afflicted with the Gravel. — I'm glad of it, says the Quaker. — How! said the other, — glad that my Lord is troubled with the Gravel? I tell thee, Friend, I am glad, says the Quaker, extremely glad, — *Because, I hope, if he's so much gravel'd, he'll endeavour to mend his Ways a little.*

A Gentleman in King Charles the II'd's time, who had paid a tedious Attendance at Court for a Place, and had had a thousand Promises, at length resolv'd to see the King himself; so getting himself introduc'd, he told his Majesty what Pretensions he had to his Favour, and boldly ask'd him for the Place just then vacant. The King hearing his Story, told him, he had just given the Place away. Upon which the Gentleman made very low Obeisance to the King, and thank'd him extremely; which he repeated often. The King observing how over-thankful he was, call'd him again, and ask'd the Reason why he gave him such extraordinary Thanks when he denied his Suit? The rather, an't please your Majesty, replied the Gentleman; your Courtiers have kept me waiting here these two Years, and gave me a thousand Put-offs: But your Majesty has sav'd me all that Trouble, and generously given me my Answer at once. Gads fish, Man, says the King, thou shalt have the Place for thy downright Honesty.

Two Fellows lay under Sentence of Death in Ireland, the one a Protestant, the other a Papist : The latter having a mind to convert his Fellow-Prisoner, who had been a very loose Liver, told him a great many fine Things of his Religion; and, among other Things, said, they were sure to go to Heaven, for they could eat their God. — *Pray*, says the other, *can you eat the Devil*, — *for I'm more afraid of him by half*.

One said of a young Woman, whose Chastity was violently assaulted by a handsome young Fellow, *That she was in as fair a Way to be ruin'd, as a Boy to be a Rogue, when he was put Clerk to an Attorney*.

The young Fellows of this Age profit no more by going to Travel, than they do by going to Church, where their Business is only to Ogle. One saying to a young Lady, that he hoped to see her at Church. *Alas, Sir*, says she, *I am the worst Company in the World there, I am so apt to mind the Prayers and the Sermon*. Why really, reply'd the Spark, *One is very apt at Church to mind that one shou'd not do*.

A Person was once try'd at Kingston before the late Lord Chief Justice Holt, for having two Wives, where one Unit was to have been the chief Evidence against him. After much calling for him. Word was brought, that they could hear nothing of him. — No, says his Lordship,

Lordship, why then all I can say, is, Mr. **UNIT** stands for a **CYPHER**.

The famous Sir *George Rook*, when he was a Captain of Marines, quarter'd at a Village where, he buried a pretty many of his Men: At length the Parson refus'd to perform the Ceremony of their Interment any more, unless he was paid for it. Which being to'd Captain *Rook*, he order'd six Men of his Company to carry the Corpse of the Soldier, then dead, and lay him upon the Parson's Hall-Table. This so embarrass'd the Parson, that he sent the Captain *Word*, — *If he'd fetch the Man away, he'd bury him and his whole Company.*

A Recruiting Serjeant talking often of the Bed of Honour among the Country Fellows, whom he was inveigling to list; one of them at length ask'd, What that same Bed of Honour was? Oh, says he, a mighty large Bed, bigger by half than the Great Bed at *Ware*; ten Thousand may lie in it, and never feel one another. — *Al'sheart*, says the Fellow, *my Wife and I shou'd do well to lie there, for we don't care for feeling one another.*

A drolling Country Fellow having lost his Way in the Night once, and coming toward a Cottage to enquire, he heard a Woman laugh; which supposing to be at him, — he cry'd, — *This must be a Witch, or an old Maid, by her Ill-nature.*

'Twas a beautiful Turn given by a great Lady, who being ask'd, Where her Husband was, when he lay conceal'd for having been deeply concern'd in a Conspiracy? resolutely answer'd, *She had hid him.* This Confession drew her before the King, who told her, Nothing but her discovering where her Lord was conceal'd, could save her from the Torture. And will that do, says the Lady. Yes, says the King, I give you my Word for it. Then, says she, *I have hid him in my Heart; there you'll find him.* Which surprizing Answer charm'd her Enemies.

A merry drolling Fellow, who liv'd with a Lady that was on the Point of Marriage, being sent with a How-d'ye to an Acquaintance of her's that liv'd a few Miles off, was ask'd how his Lady did? Ah, dear Madam, replied the Fellow, *she can never live long in this Condition.*

An *Irishman*, whose Master had been carried to Prison, sent him to call some Friends to him: And as he was returning, near the Place, Teague cry'd out, — *Bee my Shoul, I see his sweet Fuasth yonder, looking thro' the Irish Glass Windows.*

An Officer in the Country having inveigled an innocent pretty Girl to his Quarters, one admonish'd her, To take care, for Soldiers were slippery Blades. — Why, says the Girl, he told

told me he'd marry me. — Aye, aye, says the other, they'll promise any thing before-hand. — No, indeed, says she, — but he promis'd me afterwards.

Some Gentlemen having a Hare for Supper at the Tavern, the Cook, instead of a Pudding, had cramm'd the Belly full of Thyme, but had not above half roasted the Hare, the Legs being almost raw. — Which one of the Company observing, said, *There was too much Thyme in the Belly, and too little in the Legs.*

The late Lord *Rochester* being, upon a Freak with some of his Companions, at the *Bear* at the *Bridge-foot*; among their Musick, they had an Hump-back'd Fiddler, whom they call'd *His Honour*. To humour the Frolick, they all agreed to leap into the *Thames*; and it came to the Lord *Rochester's* Turn to do it at last; but his Lordship seeing the rest in, and not at all liking the Frolick, set the crooked Fidler at the Brink of the Balcony, and push'd him in, crying out, — *I can't come my self, Gentlemen, but I've sent my HONOUR.*

A Poet presuming to make Love to a Lady, and, after a very little Address, offering to kiss her rudely, she gave him a Box on the Ear, and bid him make her a Copy of Verses upon that Subject. Poor *Bayes*, scratching his Ears, cry'd, — *Why really, Madam, 'tis a very scurvy Subject to write upon.*

It is no Wonder, says one, That those Fellows
who get their *BREAD* by their Wit, are often
fain to eat their *WORDS*.

Another said wittily of a Poer's Cap, That the
Outside was *BATES*, and the Lining *FU-*
STIAN.

A Frenchman travelling between *Dover* and
London, came into an Inn to lodge, where the
Host perceiving him a Close-fisted Cur, having
call'd for nothing but a Pint of Drink, and
a Penniworth of Bread to eat with a Sallad
he had gather'd by the Way, resolv'd to fit
him for it; therefore seemingly paid him an
extraordinary Respect, laid him a clean Cloth
for Supper, and complimented him with the
best Bed in the House. In the Morning he set
a good Sallad before him, with cold Meat, But-
ter, &c. which provok'd the Monsieur to the
Generosity of calling for half a Pint of Wine;
then coming to pay, the Host gave him a Bill,
which, for the best Bed, Wine, Sallad, and
other Appurtenances, he had enhanc'd to the
Value of Twenty Shillings. *Jernie*, says the
Frenchman, Twenty Shillings! Vat you mean?
But all his spluttering was in vain; for the
Host, with a great deal of Tavern Elocution,
made him sensible, that nothing could be bait-
ed. The Monsieur therefore seeing no Remedy
but Patience, seem'd to pay it cheerfully. After
which he told the Host, that his House being
extreamly troubled with Rats, he cou'd give him
a Receipt to drive 'em away, so as they shou'd

nev e2

never return again. The Host being very desirous to be rid of those troublesome Guests, who were every Day doing him one Mischief or other, at length concluded to give Monsieur Twenty Shillings for a Receipt. Which done, *Begar*, says the Monsieur, *you make a de Rat one such Bill as you make me, and if ever dey trouble your House agen, me will be hang.*

One saying, that he saw a Rake-helly young Fellow set down at a Tavern with a Coach and Six. — Aye, says another who knew him well, *A Coach and Six Whores, I suppose.*

A Person advising a Lady in Town to marry a Country Gentleman, to recommend the Match in the stronger Terms, told her, it would be the more convenient for her, because his *Concerns* in the Country join'd to hers. — Aye, says the Lady, *but I'm resolv'd his CONCERNS shall never join to mine in the City.*

Are not you a Rogue, Sirrah, says an old Fellow to his Son? — Troth, Sir, that's a little out of my Comprehension, replies the Youth, *For I have often heard, I very much resemble my Father.*

Two frolicksome young Wives meeting once, one ask'd the other, What made her so Thoughtful? Thoughtful, says she, why my Head is full of my Husband, — Faith, says the other, *and that's the worst Furniture for a Head in the Universe.*

Two

Two Footmen sitting up for their Masters, one said to the other, *Where do'st think our good Masters shou'd be? Where they shou'd be,* replies the other, *I easily know; but where they are, the Lord knows.*

A wild young Gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous young Lady; the better to reclaim him, she caus'd it to be given out at his Return, that she was dead, and had been buried: In the mean time, she had so plac'd herself in Disguise, as to be able to observe how he took the News; and finding him still the same gay inconstant Man he always had been, she appear'd to him as the Ghost of herself; at which he seem'd not at all dismay'd: At length disclosing herself to him, he then appear'd pretty much surpriz'd. — A Person by, said, Why, Sir, you seem more afraid now, than before. — *Ay,* reply'd he, *most Men are more afraid of a Living Wife, than a Dead one.*

A Beau who took a prodigious deal of Snuff, was ask'd by a Lady, If he never sneez'd? Oh, no, Madam, reply'd he: sneezing after Orangerie, is as unfashionable as Grace after Mear. Now, I thought (added the Lady) Sneezing had clear'd the Brain. *Ay, Madam,* said a Stander-by, *but Beaux have no Brains.*

Women, says one, are just like their Maiden-heads, — *No sooner found than lost.*

Some

Some Gentlemen coming out of a Tavern pretty merry, a Link-Boy cry'd, — *Have a Light, Gentlemen?* Light your self to the Devil, you Dog, says one of the Company. — Bless you, Master, reply'd the Moon-Curser, *We can find the Way in the Dark; shall we light your Worship thither.*

An idle Fellow, who generally mourn'd for his Sins in the *Tears of the Tankard*, was ask'd by his Wife once for a pair of Clogs? — telling him wisthal, *That she had had none this Half-year.* Half a Year! says the Fellow, — *Zoons, I have had one this ten Year, and 'tis like to last me as long as I live.*

Two Persons having been late at *Chelsea*, one of them would needs venture over the Fields by himself. — When the other came next to see him, he very gravely told him, — *That if he had been knock'd o't e Head, it wou'd have taught him more Wit another time.*

An *English* Gentleman Travelling to *France*, had made Choice of an Abbot, as wicked as himself, for the Companion of his Pleasures: One of his Countrymen told him, *That though the Abbot and he differ'd about the Way to Heaven, they were in a fair Way of going to the Devil together.*

A gay young Officer, in a Fit of Raillery with a young Lady, frequently sung and caper'd, to balance the Advantage of her nimble Tongue.
I find

I find, Sir, says she, your Heels are a great Help to your Head, they relieve your Wit; I don't doubt but they have done as much by your Valour e're now.

Two Gentlemen talking of their Mistresses, a pert Serving-man that stood by, put his Oar in, and said, He had been in Love too. Aye, says one of the Gentlemen, prithee what Lady was honour'd with your Addresses? *Why really, reply'd the Fellow, my PASSION, or rather, my FIRE, lay in the KITCHEN; I was in Love with the COOK-MAID.*

A Fellow, who had before serv'd as a Soldier, and still retain'd his honourable Tatters, coming to List again; one of the Officers taking notice that he had lost the Skirts of his Coat, ask'd him, How he came to be so ragged? *Why, (says the Fellow) you must know, Captain, that in the last Regiment I serv'd in, the Colonel had a Skirt before, the Agent a Skirt behind, and every Captain in the Regiment a Button.*

Another Fellow being brought before the Bench of Justices to be listed, the Constable was ask'd, What he had to say of him? — Troth, nothing, says the Constable, an't like your Worships, but that he's an honest Man. — *Pray, Gentlemen, says the Captain, let me have one honest Man in my Company, for the Novelty sake.*

A Lawyer and a Shoe-maker falling out, the former told him, He had cheated him in the
last

last Pair of Boots he bought of him — Well, well, says the Shoe-maker, to make you amends, I'll come and buy a little of your *HONESTY*, and then you'll cheat me.

Two Persons quarrelling at a Tavern; after the Heat was a little over, one of them being straiten'd for a Conveniency to make Water, by being hemm'd in, said to his Antagonist, — *How shall I get by you? Get by me*, said the other, *Why, what a Pox did ever I get by you?*

Well, says a young Girl, who was going to break out of her Father's Hands, and put herself into her Lover's, — *I run a great Venture.* — Of losing a Maidenhead, says her Companion. — *I may repent — The keeping is so long*, replies the other.

A Footman, who had lost all his Money at Dice, — said, *His Board-Wages was all gone to the Devil, with his Bones.*

Men of your Conversation and Experience, says a Lady to a Gentleman, seldom like the Women you marry. — Because, replied the Gentleman, we seldom marry the Women we like.

An Amorous young Fellow making very warm Addresses to a marry'd Woman, — Pray, Sir, be quiet, said she, I have a Husband that won't thank you for making him a Cuckold. No, Madam, replied he, *But you will, I hope.*

A young

A young Lady grievously subject to Vapours, sent for Dr. *Ratcliffe*, and told him, She was strangely troubled with a *SINGING* in her Head. — Upon which, the Doctor, receiving his Fee, advis'd her to wipe her E——h constantly with a *BALLAD*, to draw the *HUMOUR* downwards.

A wicked young Fellow, who had an exuberant Gift that way, being a little ruffled by some cross Accident, fell a Damning and Cursing most execrably. — Prithee, says his Friend, leave off this wicked Trade of Cursing and Damning; I never heard a Man take such Pains to damn his Soul, in my Life, and all to no Purpose. — By your leave, says another that stood by, I think he *DAMNS IT* to some Purpose.

A Gentleman being lock'd out of his Lodging, and no Entrance to be gain'd after much knocking. — *Be Creeft*, dear Joy, said his Servant, who was an *Irishman*, — get up to the Window, and open the Door, and let your shelf in.

A Weaver in *Spittle-fields* having married a Wife out of a Family of *Termagans*, it happen'd one Day, that her Sister and she fell a Fighting; the Fellow, instead of interposing to part em. prudently ran out of Doors as far as *White-Chappel*, to his Father-in-Law's, and told him, *If he did not come quickly and part his*

his Daughters, as far as he knew, they might murder one another.

Two Countrymen, who had never seen a Play in their Lives, nor had any Notion of it, went to the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, where they plac'd themselves snug in the Corner of the Middle-Gallery. The first Musick play'd, which they lik'd well enough; then the second, and then the third, to their great Satisfaction: At length the Curtain drew up, and three or four Actors enter'd to begin the Play. Upon which one of them cry'd to the other, — *Come, Hodga, let's be going, ma'hafs the Gentlemen are talking about Business.*

A Reverend and Charitable Divine, for the Benefit of the Country where he resided, caus'd a large Causeway to be begun. As he was one Day over-looking the Work, a certain Nobleman came by. — Well, Doctor, says he, for all your great Pains and Charity, I don't take this to be the High-way to Heaven? — Very true, my Lord, replied the Doctor, for if it had, *I shou'd have wonder'd to have met your Lordship here.*

One who had been eating Rotten Cheese, said to his Friend, — I have been playing *Sampson* here, slaying of Thousands. — True, replied the other, *And with the same Weapon too.*

Two Jesuits having pack'd together an innumerable Parcel of miraculous Lyes, — a Person who heard them, without taking upon him
to

to contradict 'em, told 'em one of his own; — That at St. *Alban's* there was a Stone Cistern, in which Water was always preserv'd for the Use of that Saint; and that ever since, if a Swine shou'd eat out of it, he wou'd instantly die. — The Jesuits, hugging themselves at the Story, set out the next Day to St. *Alban's*, where they found themselves miserably deceiv'd. On their Return, they upbraided the Person with telling 'em so monstrous a Story. — Look you there now, said he, *You told me a hundred Lyes t'other Night, and I had more Breeding than to contradict you; I told you but one, and you have rid twenty Miles to confute me, which is very uncivil.*

A very grave Person being carried before a Magistrate, for having a little Thing as big as a *Bassard* laid to him, one that was passing by, ask'd, What was the Matter? Only, says another, an old Gentleman is apprehended upon Suspicion of *MANHOOD*. *Manhood*, said the former, What, has he committed Murder? Quite contrary, reply'd t'other, *He has committed Fornication and got a Subject, not kill'd one.*

A petulent self-will'd Coxcomb was threatening, If his Humour was not gratified, to leave his Relations and Family, and go away to *France*. Let him alone, says one, *He'll come back from FRANCE before he gets half-way to DOVER.*

A Countryman in the Street enquiring the way to *Newgate*, an arch Fellow that heard him,

him, said, He'd shew'd him presently:— *Do but go into that Goldsmith's Shop (says he) and move off with one of those Silver Tankards, and 'twill bring you directly thither.*

A poor Fool lying on his Death-bed, some about him, said, That if he dy'd, he shou'd be buried decently, and carried to Church upon four Mens Shoulders.— Aye, says he, *but I had rather go thither my self.*

Men sometimes blurt out very unlucky Truths.— A Town Beggar was very importunate with a Rich Miser, whom he accosted in the following Phrase:— *Pray, Sir, bestow your Charity; good, dear Sir, bestow your Charity.* Pristhee, Friend, be quiet, replied old Gripus, — **I HAVE IT NOT.**

King *Henry* the VIIIth being greatly incens'd at *Francis* the Ist, King of *France*, pitch'd upon Bishop *Bonner* to send with an Embassy to him. There being in the Bishop's Instructions some very disagreeable and harsh Expressions which the King had charg'd him to deliver, he reminded his Majesty, — That if he shou'd use such provoking and unwarranted Terms, forgetting his Character, the *French* King might whip his Head off. — Thy Head! replies the King, if he dares offer it, 20000 of his Subject Heads shall answer for it. I thank your Majesty, said the Bishop; — *But I'm considering whether any of those Heads may fit my Shoulders.*

Our

One making a furious Assault upon a hot Custard, burnt his Mouth till the Tears ran down. — His Friend ask'd him, Why he wept? Only, says he, 'tis just come into my Mind, that my Father dy'd this Day Twelve-month. Phoo, says the other, is that all? So whipping his Spoon in, quickly sympathiz'd with his Compaanion; who seeing his Eyes brim full, with a malicious Sneer, ask'd him, Why he wept? *A Pox on you (says he) because you were not hang'd the same Day your Father dy'd.*

A certain Priest in an Abbey in *Florence*, being a Fisherman's Son, caus'd a Net always to be spread upon the Table, in remembrance of his Original. The Abbot dying, this dissembled Humility procur'd him to be chosen Abbot; after which, the Net was us'd no more. Being ask'd the Reason, he answer'd, — *There is no Occasion for the Net now, the Fish are caught.*

A Burgher in the *Low-Countries* being sentenc'd to be stigmatiz'd in the *Forehead* for having two Wives; — one said, — That Trouble might be sav'd, *For he was mark'd there when he had but one Wife.*

A Farmer who had a very great Name in the Country for his Dexterity in Manly Exercises, such as Wrestling, Throwing the Bar, and the like, drew upon himself many Occasions to try his Skill with such as came far and near to challenge him: Among the rest, a conceited Fellow rode a great way to visit this Champion: and

and being told, That he was in his Ground behind the House, he alighted, and walk'd with his Horse in his Hand till he came where he found him at Work ; so hanging his Horse upon the Pails, he accosted him thus, — That having heard much of his Fame, he was come forty Miles to try a Fall with him. — The Champion, without more Words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him upon such an Advantagious Lock, that he pitch'd him clear over the Pails ; so, with a great deal of Unconcern, took up his Spade and fell to work again. The Fellow getting upon his Legs again as nimbly as he cou'd, call'd to speak to him. — Well, says the Champion, have you any more to say to me ? — No, no, replied the Fellow, *Only to desire you'll be so kind to throw my Horse over after me.*

A humorous Country Fellow having bought a Barn in Partnership with a Neighbour of his, neglected to make the least Use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stor'd his Part with Corn and Hay. In a little time the latter came to him, and conscientiously expostulated with him upon laying out his Money so fruitlessly. — Pray, Neighbour, says he, ne'er trouble your Head, *You may do what you will with your Part of the Barn, but I'll set mine o' fire.*

The same Fellow being often importun'd by his Wife to leave the poor Cottage she had long liv'd in, as thinking it too mean for her ; to revenge himself on her Pride, getting her out one Day, and shifting the Moveables off
the

the Premises, he clapt a Truss of Straw into it, and putting a lighted Candle under it, went to a Neighbour's to light his Pipe: At length, having half-smoak'd his Pipe out, he enquired of the good Wife, If any of her Men were about the House? Yes, answer'd she, I believe they are; what wou'd you have with 'em? No great Matter, says he, only my House is o' Fire, and I'd get 'em to go help to quench it. — Good God! said the Woman, and wou'd you sit all this while and ne'er speak of it? — Nay, no great Haste (answer'd he) *I was willing to smook my Pipe first.*

A strammelling two-handed Harlot, Grenadier-height, and limb'd like a Bacon-fac'd Dutchman, accus'd a little diminutive Taylor once of a Rape. The Magistrate he was brought before, order'd the Fellow's Purse to be taken from him and given to her, bidding her be sure to keep it, and so dismiss'd her. As soon as she had turn'd her Back, he bid the little Nit-cracker follow her and take it from her again: Upon which she quickly return'd to make her Complaint, That, like an impudent Rogue as he was, he wou'd have robb'd her of the Purse. — But, I hope, says the Magistrate, you didn't let him. — Let him! No, says she, I think not: 'Slife, I'd have tore his Eyes out first. — Very well, answer'd he, pray let me see if the Money be all safe: — So, taking the Purse, he return'd it to the Owner, and bid 'em give the Whore forty Lashes; — with this Instruction, — *If you had defended your Honesty as well*

well as you did your Money, you had never been ravish'd, you Whore, you.

An empty Coxcomb having married one that did him the Honour to make him a Father the first Day of a Pair of Bastards, almost big enough to ask him Blessing; instead of another *NOOSE* which ought to have put an End to his Disgrace, he very tamely expostulated with her: — *And could you, says he, find in your Heart to put such a Trick upon me? — Yes, says she, upon you to chuse; — Nature has put a Supercription upon a Fool's Face, and all Cheats are directed thither.*

The great Earl of *Shaftsbury* being sent to the *Tower* at the Intercession of the *Papish Party*, then prevalent at Court, a Friend coming to see him, ask'd him, What Wind had blown him thither? To which his Lordship replied, — *I am only come hither to take a little JESUIT'S POWDER.*

A famous Teacher of Arithmetick, who had long been married without being able to get his Wife with Child — one said to her, — Madam, your Husband is an excellent Arithmetician. — Yes, replies she, — *Only he can't Muleiply.*

'Tis reported of *Aristotle*, That when a Poet had recited to him several dull Poems he had wrote, (allegding that he had omitted many others,) he gravely ask'd the Philosopher, Which
he

he liked best? *Aristotle* answer'd, ——— *I like those best which you have omitted.*

At another time, a busy impertinent entertaining *Aristotle* with a tedious Discourse, and observing that he did not much regard him, made an Apology, That he was afraid he had interrupted him. ——— No, really, reply'd the Philosopher, you han't interrupted me at all, — *For I have not minded one Word you said.*

A Countryman sowing his Ground, two smart Fellows riding that Way, call'd to him with an insolent Air, ——— Well, honest Fellow, (says one of them) 'Tis your *Business* to sow, but we reap the Fruits of your Labour. To which the plain Countryman replied, ——— 'Tis very likely you may, truly, for I am sowing **HEMP.**

An honest bluff Country Farmer meeting the Parson of the Parish in a By-Lane, and not giving him the Way so readily as he expected, the Parson, with an erected Crest, told him, He was better Fed than Taught. ——— Very likely, indeed, Sir, reply'd the former; ——— *For you TEACH me, and I FEED my self.*

A Gentleman lying on his Death-bed call'd to his Coachman, who had been an old Servant, and said, ——— *Ah, Tom, I'm going a long rugged Journey, worse than ever you drove me. Oh, dear Sir, rep'y'd the Fellow, (he having been but an indifferent Master to him,) Ne'er let that discourage you, for it is all down Hill.*

Some

Some loose young Fellows having been drinking at the Tavern, they agreed to steal the Silver Cup which had been brought up to 'em; coming down Stairs they receiv'd the usual Salute, of *Welcome Gentlemen, very welcome Sir.* A Plague on't, said he who bore the *Moveable*, *wou'd I was well gone too.*

¶ One threatning to go to Law, was dissuaded from it by another, who advis'd him to consider of it well, for the Law was chargeable. — No, says he, I'll not consider, I'll go to Law.-- Nay, reply'd t'other, *If you go to Law, I'm sure you do not consider.*

One saying of a Thief, That he wish'd he was Transported --- Another answer'd, — Let him alone, *He is FUR enough already.*

A smart Fellow seeing a Countryman passing thro' the Street with a Hare swinging on a Stick over his Shoulder--- came up to him, and ask'd, *Whether that was his own HAIR or a Perriwig.*

Two inseparable Comerades, who rode in the Guards in *Flanders*, had every thing in common between 'em. One of them being a very extravagant Fellow, and unfit to be trusted with Money, the other was always Purse-bearer, which yet he gain'd little by, for the former wou'd, at Night, frequently pick his Pocket to the last *Stiver*. To prevent which, he bethought himself of a Stratagem; and coming a-

F
mong

mong his Companions the next Day, he told 'em, he had bit his Comerade. Ay, How? says they. Why, says he, I hid my Money in his own Pocket last Night, *and I was sure he wou'd never look for it there.*

On a publick Night of Rejoicing, when Bonfires and Illuminations were made, — some honest Fellows were drinking the King's Health, and Prosperity to *England, as long as the Sun and Moon endur'd.* Ay, says one, and 500 Years after, *for I have put both my Sons Prentice to a Tallow-Chundler.*

Second Thoughts, we commonly say, are best ; and young Women who pretend to be averse to Marriage, desire not to be taken at their Words. One asking a Girl, If she wou'd have him? *Faith no,* John, says she, *But you may have me, if you will.*

If your Wife has cuckolded you, 'tis in vain to grieve; e'en shake Hands with your Neighbours. One telling his Friend, he was a *Cuckold*, — If I had not known it, replies he, *I sho'd have been angry with you for telling me on't.*

A Sea-Officer, who for his *Courage* in a former Engagement, where he had lost his Leg, had been prefer'd to the *Command* of a good Ship; in the heat of the next Engagement, a *Cannon-Ball* took off his wooden Deputy, so that he fell upon the Deck; A Seaman, thinking he had been fresh wounded, call'd out to
carry

carry him down to the Surgeon. — *Plague on you*, says he, *call the Carpenter, you Dog, I have no occasion for a Surgeon.*

A *Welshman* and an *Englishman* vapouring one Day at the Fruitfulness of their Countries; the *Englishman* said, there was a Close near the Town where he was born, which was so fertile, that if a Kiboo was thrown in Over-night, it would be so cover'd with Grass, that 'twould be difficult to find it the next Day. — *Splut*, says the *Welshman*, What's that? *There's a Close where hur was born, where you may put your Horse in Over-night, and not be able to find him next Morning.*

A brisk young Fellow coming to court a rich Widow, who took great Delight in her Law-Suits, he desir'd she would hear his Business. — Is it any *Westminster-Hall* Business, says she, would you have my Advice? No, reply'd he, *but 'tis a little Westminster-Abbey Business, and I would have your Consent.*

One seeing an affected Coxcomb buying Books, — told him, *His Bookse'ller was properly his Upholster, for he furnish'd his Room, rather than his Head.*

A Gentleman seeing a Person approach him who had been an old Hanger-on. — Your Servant, Sir, said the Latter, I was afraid you had forgot me. — *I was not afraid you had forgot me*, replied the Gentleman.

Two conceited Coxcombs wrangling and exposing one another before Company, one told them, that they had both done like Wits:— *For you Wits, says he, never give over till you prove one another Fools.*

'Tis a Maxim, says one, — *That he's a Fool who marries*; but he's a greater who does not marry a Fool. — For what is Wit good for, adds he, but to help her to make her Husband a Cuckold? Yes, replied another, — *To keep it from his Knowledge.*

An old Lady documenting her Niece for Gadding, and letting her Head run upon Men. — Well, says she, *I'm sure, I remember when I was a Maid.* — To which the young One, taking her up short, cry'd, *Can you remember it, reverend Aunt?*

One was saying, the *Dutch* were never Valiant, but when they were Drunk. — *That is always,* replied another.

A young Lady with a good Fortune having bestow'd herself on a wild young Fellow: — Well, says the old Lady her Aunt, *For all you were so eager to have him, you'll have your BELLY FULL of him in a little time, I'll warrant you.*

One being in Love with a Woman that us'd him ill, consol'd himself, as follows: — *Well,*

Well, says he, if *she* won't let me have her, *she'll* do as good, *she'll* make me hate her.

In the great Dispute between *South* and *Sherlock*, the former, who was a great Courtier, said, His Adversary reason'd well, but he bark'd like a Cur. — To which the other reply'd, *That Fawning was the Property of a Cur, as well as Barking.*

A young Fellow at Questions and Commands, being commanded to take off a Girl's Garters, she ran out of the Room; he following her, threw her upon the Bed — Now, says he, I bar Squeaking. — *Bar Squeaking*, says she, *Bar the Door, you Fool, you.*

One reading of the King's Rat-catcher, ask'd, What his Office was? — Another told him, 'Twas to kill the Vermin about the Court, for which he had a Salary of 50*l.* a Year. *Fifty!* answer'd he, — *Z——ns, he deserves 500 to kill all the Vermin there.*

One meeting a Whore, she ask'd him for a Bottle and a Beef-stake. — Why, says he, *Betty*, you can't want, you had a good Bubble last Night: But I have heard, you Ladies love that Man best who beats you and takes your Money from you again. — *Yes*, says she, — *just as a Privateer loves to engage a Man of War.*

'Tis certainly the most transcendant Pleasure to be agreeably surpriz'd with the Con-

cession of Love from an ador'd Mistress. A young Gentleman, [after a very great Misfortune, came to his Mistress, and told her, He was reduc'd even to the Want of Five Guinea's. — To which she replied, *I am glad of it with all my Heart.* Are you so, Madam, adds he, suspecting her Constancy, — Pray, why so? *Because,* says she, *I can furnish you with Five thousand.*

One speaking of *England*, said, That a Cuckold was not only according to the Fashion, but according to Law; — *Cuckoldom there,* adds he, *is the Liberty, and a separate Maintenance the Property of all the Free-born Women of England.*

One, complaining of the Times formerly, said, — We have a great many Ships, and very little Trade. A great many Soldiers, and very little Fighting. A great many Tenants, and very little Money. A great many *Gazettes*, and very little News. A great many Statesmen, and very little Wisdom. A great many Parsons, and very little Religion.

An old Fellow threatening to marry a young Woman, having long had her Father's Consent, — told her, That for all she seem'd so averse to it, before to Morrow Noon Wife should be writ on her Forehead. — Shall it, says she, *Then before to Morrow Night, Husband shall be stamp'd on your Brows.*

One

One seeing a Kept-Whore who made a very great Figure, ask'd, What Estate she had? Oh, says another, *A very good Estate in TAIL.*

A Person having two very ungracious Sons, the one robb'd him of his Money, and t'other of his Goods: His Neighbour coming to condole with him, told him, He might sue the County, — for he had been robb'd *between Son and Son.*

One coming to intercede with a peevish old Man, in behalf of a young Fellow who courted his Daughter, told him, He thought they were a fit Couple to go together — Yes, yes, reply'd the old Man, I'll couple 'em together, that is, I'll baste 'em together! — Nay, Pox, says t'other, *If you won't let it be a Match, will you let it alone.*

A Country Fellow in King Charles the II'd's Time, selling his Load of Hay in the Hay-market, two Gentlemen who came out of the Blue-Posts, were talking of Affairs; one said, — That Things did not go right, the King had been at the House and prorogu'd the Parliament. — The Countryman coming home, was ask'd, What News in London? Odsheart, says he, there's something to do there; — *The King has BEROGU'D the Parliament sadly.*

A Taylor's Boy being at Church, heard it said, That a Remnant only shou'd be sav'd. —

E'god, says the Boy, — *Then my Master makes
plaguy large Remnants.*

A pert Gentleman told his Friend, That he
was always spoiling Company by leaving it. —
And you, says the latter, *are always spoiling
Company by coming into it.*

A Lady promis'd her Lover, That tho' For-
tune shou'd cross their Marriage, she wou'd
live a Maid for his Sake. — *And you won't
dye one for your own, said he, so still there's
Hopes.*

A slender-witted Gentleman missing some
Papers out of his Pocket, reasoning with him-
self, said, *Did I lose these Writings before I
had 'em, or since.*

Sir, says one, you were saying, you bought
those Stockings you have on in *Wales*; I be-
lieve it, for they seem to be *Well-chose*, i. e.
Welch-hose.

A Gentleman complaining, That he staid at
Home by reason of an Issue in his Leg, which
was just beginning to run, was answer'd by his
Friend, — *That he wonder'd he shou'd be
confin'd, who had such Running Legs.*

A Slater being at Work at a Gentleman's
House, fell through the Rafters from top to
bottom. When the Gentleman was told of
this Accident, — Oh, says he, *I love to see
a Man go cleverly through his Work.*

One

One was telling a perty Coxcomb, That if he wou'd appear a *Man of Parts*, he must keep Company with *Men of less VVit* than himself. — Faith, says he, that's the hardest Thing in the World for me to do. — How! said the former, a hard thing to find a *Man of less Wit* than your self? — No, replied he, — *To keep a Fool Company.*

A wild Gentleman having pick'd up his own Wife for a Mistress, the *Man*, to keep his Master in Countenance, got to Bed to the Maid too. In the Morning, when the Thing was discover'd, the Fellow was oblig'd, in Atone-ment for his Offence, to make the Girl amends by marrying her; — Well, says he, *little did my Master and I think last Night, that we were robbing our own Orchards.*

A Member of Parliament having brought in a Bill which wanted some Amendment the House refus'd, he frequently repeated, *That he thirsted to mend his Bill.* Upon which another Member got up, and said, *Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that worthy Member THIRSTS so much, that he may be allow'd to mend his DRAUGHT.* This put the House into such a good Humour, that his Request was granted.

Du Val, who was a very famous Highway man, and at length suffer'd for his Robberies, was likewise as famous for gaining the Hearts of the Women, being a smart dapper Fellow:

After his Death, he had this Epitaph bestow'd on him.

*Here lies Du Val :— Reader, if Male thou art,
Look to thy Purse ; — if Female, to thy Heart :
Much Havock he has made in both ; — for all
The Men he made to stand, — the Women fall.*

The Parson of the Parish of *Ingarstone* in *Essex*, in a former Reign, was drinking late at an Inn in the Town, and, the Boy being out of the way, the Maid was call'd to light him Home : The Boy, being an Arch-wag, follow'd at a little Distance to watch 'em, and saw the Parson make free with *Mary* in the Church-yard. Some time after the Priest was joking with the Boy, and told him, If he died, he'd write his Epitaph, because he was a Comical Raskal. Alas, Sir, says the Youngster, I'm too young to have my Epitaph ; but, if you please to give me leave, I'll write one for you : Ay with all my Heart, reply'd the Parson, come, let's hear, Sirrah. Upon which the Boy writ, —

*Under this Tomb lies the Ingarstone Parson,
Upon which very Stone he clapt Mary's A-- on.*

A Lady who had married a Gentleman that was a tolerable Poet, one Day sitting alone with him, she said, — Come, my Dear, you write upon other People, prithee write something for me ; let me see what Epitaph you'll bestow on me when I die. — Oh, my Dear, replied he, that's a melancholy Subject, prithee don't think of it. — Nay, upon my

my Life, you shall, adds she; — Come, —
I'll begin. —

— Here lies Bidd.

To which he answer'd, — Ah, — I wish she did.

A lusty Country Farmer having had three Wives, and noted for his extraordinary Conjugal Services to 'em, when he came to dye, he was buried in the Tomb where they all lay: Upon which a witty Person bestow'd the following Epitaph.

*Here lies Anne, Mary, and Elizabeth Briggs,
And here also is honest HUMPHRY, who
hum'd all their Giggs.*

Another on a Wife.

*Here lies my dear Wife; — and here let her lie,
Poor Soul, she's at Rest; — I'm sure, so am I.*

There are but two good Hours which Women
One in the Bed, the other in the Grave. [have,
Give me a Girl, if one I needs must meet,
Or in her Nuptial, or her Winding-Sheet.

One Night a Fellow wandring without Fear,
As void of Money as he was of Care, [Beer,
Considering both had been well wash'd with
With Strap the Constable, by Fortune, meets,
Whose Lanthorns glare in the most silent Streets.
Resty, impatient any one shou'd be
So bold, as to be Drunk that Night, but he,

Stand;:

Stand -- who goes there, cries *Strap*, at Hours
so late ?

Answer--- Your Name, or else I'll break your
Pate.

I won't stand, 'cause I cant. -- VVhy must you
know

From whence 'tis that I come, or where I go.
See here my Staff, says *Strap*; trembling behold
Its radiant Point, and ornamental Gold :

VVooden Authority, -- when thus I wield,
Persons of all Degrees Obedience yield.

Then be you the best Man in all the City,
Mark me ! I to the Counter will commit ye.

You kiss--- and so forth,---for that never spare;
If that be all, commit me if you dare;

No Person yet, either thro' Fear or Shame,
Durst commit me, who once had heard my Name.

Pray then what is't ? My Name's ADULTERY, }
And faith, your future Life would pleasant be, }
Did your Wife know you once committed me. }

From *London*, *Paul* the Carrier coming down
To *Wantage*, meets a Beauty of the Town;
They both accost with Salutation pretty,
As how do'st *Paul*? Thank you, and how do'st
Betty?

Did'st see our *Jack*, or Sister.--- No. You've
seen,

I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen.
Many VVords spoke in Jest, says *Paul*, are true, }
I come from *Windsor*, and if some Folks knew }
As much as I, it might be well for you. }

Lord,

Lord, *Paul!* what is't? VVhy give me some-
thing for't,

This Kiss, and this; the Matter's then, in short;
The Parliament have made a Proclamation,
VVhich will, this VVeeke, be sent thro' all
the Nation,

That Maids with little Mouths do all prepare,
On *Sunday* next, to come before the *Mayor*; }
And that all Batchelors likewise be there. }
For Maids with little Mouths shall, if they please,
From these young Men chuse Husbands two a-
piece:

Betty, with bridled Chin, extends her Face,
And then contracts her Lips with simp'ring
Grace,

Cries hem! Pray what must all the huge one's
do

For Husbands, — when we little Mouths have
two?

Hold — not so fast, cries he, — pray pardon
me,

*Maids with huge gaping Wide Mouths, must
have Three.*



A Collection of Puns, Apothegms, Fine Sayings, Similes, Moral and Political Sentences, Comical Descriptions, Satyrical Remarks, Witty Epitaphs, &c.



NE said, That his Horses were gone to *Rack*. Then, cry'd another, I wou'd turn out that Rogue's *Oates* the Ostler, who look'd after them — *Hay*, Sir, adds he, am I not in the right? I wou'd *Strike* while the Iron was hot, and *Pummel* the Dog to some Purpose, or *Saddle* him with the Charge. Pray Sir, says the other, *don't Measure my CORN by your BUSHEL*.

I went to my Shoemaker's to Day, says one, for a Pair of Shoes which I bespoke a Month ago; and when *Awl* came to *Awl*, the Dog *Bristles* up to me with a thousand Excuses, that I thought there would never be an *End* of his Discourse: But upon my calling him a Rascal, he began to *Wax* warm; and had the Impudence to bid me *Vamp* off, for he had no Leisure now to talk to me. Which vex'd me to the very *Soal*; upon which I *Fumt* out of his Shop in a great Rage, and wish'd the next Bit he eat might be his *Last*.

Says

(III)

Says another, I went to a *Tanner's* that ow'd me some Money, and what d'yethink, but the pitiful Fellow was *Flesh'd* at it, infomuch that, forsooth, he cou'd not *Hide* his Resentment, but told me, It was enough to set a Man *Horn-mad* to be *Dunn'd* so early in a Morning : As for his Part, he wou'd *Curry* Fav our with no Man, let me do my worst. — Thus the unmannerly Cur *Bark'd* at me.

Is not this *Fish* which Mr. *Pool* hath sent us *ex-stream* sweet ? I think it is *main* good ; what say you, Sir ? — O my *Seal*, I never tasted better ; I think it ought to take *Place* of all that *Swims*. Tho' you may *Carp* at me for saying so, I can assure you, that both Dr. *Sprat* and Dr. *Whalley* are of my Mind.

This is an excellent *Fowl*, and a fit Dish for *High-flyers* ; pray, Sir, give me your *O-Pinion* of this *Wing* ? As for the *Leg*, the Cook ought to be *claw'd* off for not roasting it enough. I'll vow that was a *Merry-Thought* : But, now I think on't, why should this be call'd the *Bird* of *Bacchus* ? — Because it was dress'd by your Drunken Cook. — Not at all, you mistake the Matter ; — Pray is it not a *Grape-lover*, i. e. a *Grey-Plover* ?

Are you for any of this *Mutton*. Sir ? If not, I can tell you, you ought to be *Lambasted* ; for you must know, I have the best in the Country. — My *Sheep* bear away the *Bell* ; and, I assure you, That all *Weathers* I can treat my Friends with

with as good Mutton as this : He that cannot make a Meal of it, deserves to have it *Ramm'd* down his Throat.

One Punning upon the Name of *Truelock* the Gunsmith, was taken up as follows : --- Sir, *I smell Powder*, but you are very weak in your *Main-Spring* for PUNNING; I wou'd advise you to get a better *Stock*, before you pretend to *Let off* : Tho' you may think your self *Prime* in this Art, you are much mistaken, for a very young Beginner may be a *Match* for you : Ay, Sir, you may *Cock* and look big, but *U-Pan* my Word, I take you to be no more than a *Flash*, and Mrs. *Skin-Flint*, my Neighbour, shall PUN with you for a *Pistole*, if I do not lose my *Aim*.

There was one *John Appleby* a Gardener fell in Love with one Mrs. *Curran*, for her *Cherry-Cheeks*, and her *Lilly-white Hand*, and soon after he got her Consent to *Graft* upon her *Stock*; Mr. *Link* the Parson was sent for, who join'd the loving *Pair* together, Mr. *Rowintree* and Mr. *Holyoak* were Bride-men. The Company were my Lady *Joan Keel*, who *Came a Mile* a Foot to compliment them, and her Maid *Sally*, remarkable for her *Carrots*, that rid upon a *Chestnut*. There was Dr. *Buraoge* too, a constant *Medlar* in other Peoples Affairs: He was lately *Peach'd* for murdering Don *Quick-Set*. Mrs. *Lettice Skirret*, and Mrs. *Rosemerry* were the Bridemaids; the latter sung a Song to oblige the Company, vvhich an Arch-Wag call'd a *Funeral Dirge*: But notwithstanding

standing this, our Friend *John* began to thrive upon Matrimony like a *Twig in a Bush*. I forgot to tell you, that the Taylor had so much *Cabbage* out of the Wedding-Suit, there was none at all for Supper.

There is a Mariage on foot betwixt Mrs. *Betty Primrose* a Gardiner's Daughter near *Hammer-smith*, and Mr. *Gillyflower* of *Covent-Garden*; her Uncle Mr. *Columbine* gives her a Hundred Pound, and sweet Mrs. *Marjorum* the Bridegroom's Sister, is to dress the Wedding-Dinner: The Bride's Wedding Cloaths are to be a fine *Garden-Sattin*, sprigg'd, and lin'd with *Cherry-Colour*, with a Suit of *Carnation* Knots, in which, 'tis thought, she will make a *blooming* Figure. There's fair Mrs. *Lilly*, and pretty Mrs. *Anne Violet* with her dimple Cheeks, are to be Bride-maids; and young Mr. *Suckling* the Squire's Son, who they have planted beforehand, to be Groom's-man; there is likewise to be sage Mrs. *Lettice* the Herb-woman's Daughter, in her *Full-belly'd* Scarf, and Mrs. *Rose-Bush* the Gardiner's Daughter at *Kensington*, who, they say, is to be married in *June* next to Sweet *William*, the very *Pink* of all the young Fellows at *Brompton*, together with Mr. *Tulip* the Seedsman's Son, in his *Fool's-Coat*, to make Diversion for the Company. There were present at concluding this Wedding, besides the Bride and Bridegroom's Relations, Mr. *Sweet Apple* the Fruiterer, Mr. *Pike* the Fishmonger, Mr. *Washington* the Brewer, Mr. *Stableton* the Innkeeper, Mr. *Oak* the Timber-Merchant, Mrs. *Hoptop* the Herb-woman, Mrs. *Lutestring*

Lutestring the Exchange-woman, and many others : And just as they had finish'd the Matter, and were going to crown all with a *Wassal*, in came the merry Farmer Mr. *Quickset*, who desired to sit at the lower-end of the Table, because he did not care to be *Hedg'd* in ; upon which his Neighbour *Peartree* said, He was a precious *Pippin*. We do not hear where the Wedding-Dinner will be kept, but they will lie the first Night at *Beddington*.

One swore he was present at the seizing of a *Pick-pocket* by a great *Rabble* in *Smithfield* ; and that he heard a

Taylor say, *Send the Dog to Hell*.

The Cook, Let me at him, I'll *Baste* him.

The Joyner, 'Tis *Plain*, the Dog was caught in the *Fact*, I *Saw* him.

The Blacksmith, he's a fine *Spark*, indeed,

The Butcher, *Knock down* the *Shambling Cur*.

The Glazier, make the *Light shine thro' him*.

The Bookseller, *Bind* him over.

The Sadler, *Pummel* him.

The Farmer, *Thraff* the Dog.

The Tanner, I'll *Dress* the Rogue.

A Popish Priest (coming by) I'll make the *Devil fly out of him*.

One sent the following Catalogue of her Scholars to a Gentleman, desiring his Advice as to the Management of 'em.

Miss—Chief, The Ringleader.

Miss—Advice, That spoils her Face with Paint.

Mifs

Miss—Rule, That does every Thing she is forbid.

Miss—Application, Who has not done one Letter in her Sampler.

Miss—Belief, Who cannot say the Creed yet.

Miss—Call, A perfect *Billinggate*.

Miss—Fortune, That lost her Grandmother's Needle.

Miss—Chance, That broke her Leg a Ramping.

Miss—Guide, That led the young Misses in to the Dirt.

Miss—Lay'd, Who left her Porringer of Flower and Milk where the Cat got it.

Miss—Management, That let all her Stockings run out at Heels for want of Darning.

For which he recommended the following Masters.

Master—stroke, To whip them.

Master—Workman, To dress them.

Master—Ship, To rig them.

Master—Lye, To excuse them.

Master—Wort, To purge them.

Master—Piece, To patch them.

Master—Key, To lock them up.

Master—Pock, To mortify them.

*If these can't keep your Ladies quiet,
Pull down their Courage with low Diet.
Perhaps, dear Friend, you'll think it cruel,
To feed 'em on plain Water-Gruel;
But, take my Word, the best of Breeding,
As it is plain, requires plain Feeding.*

Some

Some P U N S by way of Question
and Answer, &c.

Quest. **W**HO was the first Drawer?
Ans. *Potifer.*

Q. Who were the first Bakers?

A. *The Masters of the Rolls.*

Q. Where did the first Hermaphrodites come from?

A. *Middlesex.*

Q. What Part of England has the most Dogs?

A. *Barkshire.*

Q. From whence came the first Tumblers?

A. *From Somerset.*

Q. Who were the first Mortgagers of Land?

A. *The People of Cumberland.*

Q. What Men in the World are the best Soldiers?

A. *Your Red-hair'd Men, because they always carry their Fire-locks upon their Shoulders.*

Q. Why should a Man in Debt be call'd a Diver?

A. *Because he is dipp'd over Head and Ears.*

Q. Why are Ladies, of late Years, well qualify'd for Hunting?

A. *Because they come with a Hoop and a Hollow.*

Q. Why are Presbyterians, Independants, Quakers, &c. said to be Vermin?

A. *Because they are In-Sects.*

Q. What Prince in the World should have a Boar for his Arms?

A. *The Duke of Tuscany.*

Q. Why

Q. Why are Horfes with Greafe in their Heels, the beſt Runners ?

A. *Because their Heels are given to Running*

Q. What is the Reaſon that Rats and Mice are ſo much afraid of Baſe-Violins and Fiddles ?

A. *Because they are ſtrung with Cat-gut.*

Q. How many Animals are concern'd in the Formation of the *Engliſh* Tongue ?

A. *According to Buck—anan, a great Number, (viz.) Cat—agorical, Dog—matical, Crow—nological, Flea—botomy, Fiſh—ogonomy, Squirril—ity, Rat—ification, Mouſe—oleum, Pus—ilanimity, Hare—editary, Aſs—tronomy, Tay—ography, Stag—yrite, Duck—tility.*

Q. Where were the firſt Hams made ?

A. *They were made in the Temple of Jupiter-Hammon by the Hamadryades; one of them (if we may depend upon Baker's Chronicles) was ſent as a Preſent to a Gentleman in Hamſhire, of the Family of the Ham—ilton's, who immediately ſent it to Ham—ton—Court, where it was hung up by a String in the Hall, by Way of Rarity; whence we have the Engliſh Phraſe, Ham—ſtrung.*

Q. Where do the beſt Corn-cutters live ?

A. *At LEG—HORN.*

Q. What part of the World is beſt to feed Dogs in ? *A.* *Lapland.*

Q. Which is the beſt Bed-fellow for all Times of the Year ?

A. *A good Bed without a Fellow.*

Q. Why are Soldiers ſaid to have the ſpeedieſt Juſtice ?

A. *Because*

A. Because they are never without RE-DRESS.

Q. Why are Colliers said to have no visible Means of Livelihood?

A. Because they work Under-ground.

Q. Why are Prisoners said to be the best Fencers?

A. Because they lie always at a close WARD.

Q. Why is a Pick-pocket the surest Trade?

A. Because his Work is no sooner done, but he has his Money in his Pocket.

Q. Why are a Kennel of Hounds the best Musick?

A. Because they want no Tuning from Morning to Night.

Q. Why is it dangerous to marry a Widow?

A. Because she has cast one Rider already.

Q. Why are Women said to love Fish better than Flesh?

A. Because they will have PLACE whatever they pay for it.

Q. Why is a Drunkard said to be a good Philosopher?

A. Because he thinks rightly, That the World goes round.

Q. Why is a Shoemaker the fittest Man in the Parish to make a Constable?

A. Because he, by virtue of his Trade, may put a Man in the Stocks, and take him out again.

Q. When a Pun--is--meant, it is a Punishment.

A. Duce take your Quibbling. — Nay, Sir, I will not bate you an Ace, Cinque me, if

if I do ; I'll make you know, I am a *Sice* above you.

Q. This Fellow can't talk out of his *Element*.

A. To divert you was *All I meant*.

Two Gentlemen sitting together, one of them said, — *Tom*, I am for my Mistress here. How so? said t'other. Why, I am for *Wine--is--red*, — i. e. *Winifred*.

Matrimony is turn'd into a *Matter of Money*.

Paradise into a *Pair of Dice*.

A Specimen, a *Spice I mean*.

A Furbelow'd Scarf, is a *Ful'-bellied Scarf*.

A Rabbit, is a *Raw Bit*.

A Widow, is a *Wide—O*.

A Masty Dog, is a *Nasty Dog*.

Nonsence, is *One Sense*.

O Lamentable --- *Set the Lamb on the Table*.

So in the *Latin*.

Alexandrinos — *All Eggs and dry Nose*.

Romanos — *Roman-Nose*.

Temeraria — *Tom, where are you?*

Oxonix prospectus — *Pox on ye, pray speak to us*.

Cum multis aliis, &c.

A Country Fellow coming to the *Market-Cross*, cry'd with an audible Voice, *Does any one know Mr. PARR's SON* of our Parish? He came to demand his *Tythes*. *I went to him with my CAP—ON*, but he swore he wou'd have a *GOOSE*. Lord, Sir, says I, *are not you and your*

your Clerk a COUPLE — to give a Man all this Trouble. I went to make my Complaint, but I found the JUST-ASS and he were both of a PEECE.

Moral SENTENCES, &c.

For a King to engage his People in a War to carry off every little Humour in the State, is like a Physician ordering his Patient to be flux'd for every Pimple,

The surest Way of Governing, both in a Private Family and a Kingdom, is for a Husband and a Prince sometimes to drop their Prerogative.

The greatest Men may sometimes over-shoot themselves; but their very Mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction.

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver are falsified to procure Gold and Silver.

If your Friend be in Want, don't carry him to a Tavern, where you Treat your self as well as he, and entail a Thirst and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or filling his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of Lac'd Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt to his Back. Put somewhat in his Pocket.

Poverty

Poverty keeps us in a due State of Mind, and Body; Prosperity, as it is not every one's Fortune, so every one cannot bear it.

A Beautiful Face is a silent Commendation.
—— As a good Outside is the best Sir Charles Cotterell in a strange Place.

One said to a very Slothful Idle Fellow:
—— If thou wast not afraid of dying, thou wou'dst not take Pains to draw thy Breath.

A Pen in a conceited Man's Hand, is like a Sword in a Madman's; with this Difference only, that the Law lays hold of the former, and acquits the latter.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can Comprehend, every Man upon the Face of the Earth wou'd be an *Atheist*.

A Fool like a Coward, is more to be fear'd behind a Man's Back, than a witty Man. For as a Coward is more bloody than a brave Man, a Fool is more Malicious than a Man of Wit.

A Woman never Repents of a Fool so heartily, as in the Arms of a Man of Sense.

All Women are alike to the young Fellows, as indeed all Fellows are alike to the young Women. Neither Sex chuses well till, they come to Years of Discretion.

G

Young

Young Fellows says a mettled Girl, are for the most part in the wrong, so very Impudent they're Nauseous, or so modest they are Useless.

Beauty soon obtains Pardon for the Pain it gives, when it applies the Balsam of Compassion to the Wound: But a fine Face, and a hard Heart, is almost as bad as an ugly Face, and a Soft one, both very troublesome to many poor Gentlemen.

Arguments among Men, are like Bones among Dogs, serve to set 'em together by the Ears.

Death only has the Key of a Misers Chest, and the Devil unlocks it.

As 'tis a black Crime to forget the Favours we have receiv'd from others, so we should not be too mindful of the Favours, which others have receiv'd from us.

Cowardice in Souldiers is as bad, as Conceit in Fools, Leachery in Old Age, Zeal in Libertins, or Pride in Beggars.

He who laughs at Mischief, tells us he is pleas'd that it is done, tho' he is sorry that he had no Hand in it.

The Chimney and the Garret are related, and therefore Taylors and Chimney-Sweepers are Cousin Germans.

The

The Simplicity of Fools sometimes brings to pass as great Matters, as the Stratagems of the Wife.

Some Country Gentlemen may be said to be Wedded to their Hounds, since they draw their Masters more than the Petticoat, and are more in Esteem than their Wives.

Collectors for the Poor provide usally for themselves first, imagining, as they say, that Charity begins at Home, some Noblemen take no more care of the Education of their Children, than they do of paying their Debts. Their Sons often prove Rakes, and their Daughters Hoydens.

When a fine Woman is the Toast, how sprightly is our Wine? how Pleasant and Ravishing are our Senses, and how agreeable is our Conversation.

A pretty Mistress extorts a Smile from us, even in a Fit of the Cholick; Beauty proves, sometimes, the best Physician.

We may Write, and We may Frame conceptions in our Minds, of Love, but none sure know what it is, but those who have Experienc'd it.

Fine Cloaths, little Money, and less Sense, Furnish out a Town Rake.

Out upon you for a Wh—— says *Lucillia* to *Dorinda*, when she has been thrice brought to Bed of Bastards herself, and lies ev'ry Night Naked.

The World is truly compar'd to a *State-Play*, by Reason there is so much Dissimulation in it, wherein like *Players*, most Persons Act the Parts of others, and not their own.

'Tis very hard to know the worth of Persons, by the common Characters which are given of 'em, Interest and Conceit are Loud and Talkative, and Ignorance always goes along with the Stream.

The Success of Gamesters like the Sea, has its Ebbs and Flowings, and Fortune is the only Coy-Mistress that ever shun'd her Admirers after Enjoyment.

What are Vices in some, are Virtues in others, according to the Circumstances and Constitutions of Mankind.

This Life is short and Miserable at the best, tis no continuing City for the wisest and most Virtuous of Men: 'Tis but a Pilgrimage, we are all Travellers, the whole World is but one large Inn, every Inhabitant of which is a Steward to God.

Lawyers

Lawyers rob our Pockets, Poet's our Time
 Women and Vintners our Health, and false
 Priests assist in our Damnation.

Princes (as they are said to be the Fountain
 of Honour) should never be dry, by being
 worse than their Words.

If we go empty handed to *Court* for Pre-
 ferment, we must expect to come empty back
 too.

When Noblemen give more to the
 Building of a *Play-House*, than the Repairing
 of *Churches*, We may give a very good Guess
 at their Morals.

A Gamster, the greater Master he is in his
 Art, the worse Man he is.

If Vices were upon the whole Matter pro-
 fitable, the Virtuous Man wou'd be the Sin-
 ner.

In taking Revenge, the very hast we make is
 Criminal.

He that Injures one, threatens a Hundred.

That Sick Man do's ill for himself, who
 makes his Physician his Heir.

'Tis part of the Gift, if you deny hand-
 somely what is ask'd of you.

The Coward call's himself a *Wary Man*,
the Miser, says he is *Frugal*, and the Fool
crys up his own Wit.

'Tis a strange Desire which Men have, to
seek Power, and lose Liberty.

Great Numbers import not much in Armies,
where Courage is wanting——for, (as VIR-
SIL SAYS, *It never troubles the Wolf, how
many the Sheep be.*

'Tis safer Sleeping in a good Conscience,
than a whole Skin.

It may be said of those who die in their
Infancies——*That they only break their Fasts
in this World.*

The sensible Man, and the silent Woman,
are the best Conversation.

The best Company makes the Upper End of
the Table, not the Salt.

The *Epicure* puts his Money in his Belly,
and the Miser his Belly in his Purse. An En-
vious Man keeps his Knife in his Hand, and
Swallows his Meat whole.

He that let's his Tongue run before his Wit,
Cuts other Men's Meat, and his own Fingers.

He who Sins that he may repent, Surfiets
that he may take Physick. He

He that rises from Table without saying Grace, may be said, to go away without paying for his Ordinary.

A young Fellow who falls in Love with a Whore, may be said to fall a Sleep in a Hogstye.

A covetous rich Man may be said to freeze before the Fire---to be a meer Dog in a Wheel that toils to Roast Meat for other Men's Eating.

Where Vice is a State Commodity, as in some Popish Countries, he is the greatest Offender, who never Offends.

Those are aptest to Domineer over other's, who by Suffering Indignities have learnt to offer 'em.

The Wounds of an Antient Enmity leave their Scarr's behind, which seldom are heal'd so well to the Sight, but they lye open to the Memory.

Next to no Wife and Children, your own are the best Diversion; anothers Wife, and your Children; worse, your Wife and anothers Children worst of all.

'Tis the wholesomest getting a Stomach, by walking on one's own Ground; and the thriftiest way of asswaging it, at another Man's Table.

Our

Our Carts are never worse Employ'd, than when they are waited on by Coaches.

The Madness of Love is to be Sick of one Part, and cur'd by another — The Madness of Jealousie, to seek diligently, yet hope to lose one's Labour.

The Means of begetting a Man, has more increast Mankind than the End.

Money is nothing but a Thing which Art has turn'd up Trump.

The fairest Field for a running Head, is the Sea, where he may run himself out of Breath, and his Humour out of Countenance.

Use makes every Posture Familiar to the Body, and every Opinion to the Mind.

The Pleasure which Coxcombs afford, is like that of Drinking, only good when 'tis shar'd; and a Fool like a Bottle, which makes one merry in Company, makes one dull alone.

One can no more stop a Widows Mouth, when she is talking of her Law Suits, than a Wit's, when he is talking of himself, or a Slanderer, when he is talking of other People.

Railing is now grown so common, that 'tis more the Fashion than Malice — and the Absent think they are no more the worse for being

being rail'd at, than the present think they are the better, for being flatter'd.

A Woman may appear the greater Fortune, but not the greater Beauty for her Dress———, And as Fools are never more provoking, than when they are endeavouring at Wit; so Ugly Women are never more Nauseous, than when they wou'd be Beauties.

A Quack is as fit for a Pimp, as a Midwife for a Bawd, they are still in their way, both helpers of Nature.

Married Women says one, generally shew all their Modesty the first Day, as married Men shew all their Love the first Night.

He who for Business from his Wife will run, Takes the best Course to have her Business done.

A long Preface to a short Book, is like a large Porch to a little House.

A handsome Wife, and a fine Horse, is a Country Parsons Coat of Arms: A Tith-Capon, and a Tith Pig, are the two Supporters.

A Woman's Admiring her own Beauty, is like a Peacock's priding it self in it's gaudy Tail. The one is cur'd of her Vanity by the Small Pox, and the other disrob'd to make Muffs.

Five of the most agreeable Things on a Journey, are—— Money in one's Pocket, a good Road, a Wholsome Bed, Fine Weather, and a kind Landlady—— if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better.

We may reasonably compare the Gifts of Fortune to an Eel, which we no sooner have in our Hands, but she slips thro' our Fingers.

Courage without Conduct in a General, is like Fancy without Judgment in a Poet: But how admirable is it, when they meet in both.

Why shou'd we be afraid to dye, when we may be said to be in death even in the mid'ft of Life—— *For our Bodies are the Coffins of our Souls. As our Souls are of our Bodies.*

Fornication and Perjury go as often together, as Paint and the Pox.

Musick is a Mousetrap—— *Benedetto, Tofts, and Robinson,* have drawn many a States-Man into it.

One seeing a Gouty Fat Alderman in his Robes said—— He was like a Lincolnshire Ox in a furbellow'd Scarfe.

Valiant as a ridden Couckold, Sincere as a whining Harlot, and Honest as a hungry Pimp.

One

One Speaking of an Old fashion'd Country House, said, It look'd like Noah's-Ark, as if it had been made for the Beasts of the Field, and the Fowls of the Air.

A Man, and his Wife says one, are like the Spread-Eagle, one look's one Way, and 'tother 'tother.

A painted Woman is like a gilded Pill, Fools admire the former, and Children the latter for the Disguise.

Friendship Without Freedom, is as dull as Wine mithout Toasting

One said he hated a Thing worse, than a Quaker did a Parrot, or a Fishmonger a Hard Frost.

One said of two Persons who had been at high Words. That they Sputter'd at one another like two roasted Apples.

A Gentleman who had a very proud fickle Mistress, said — She had been as humourfome, as a Sick Monkey, or a breeding Countess, when the Family wanted an Heir.

Come to my Arms, said one, to a Friend who had gratified him by some Service, and let me Squeeze thee, as a new Pair of stays do a fat Country Girl, when she comes to Court, to stand for a Maid of Honour.

An

An insufficient Old Man, Marrying a young Wife, is like the Vanity of taking a Fine House, and yet be forc'd to let Lodgings to help pay the Rent.

A rich Fool among the Wife, is like a gilt empty Bowl among the Thirsty.

Beauty in a Virtuous Woman, is like the Bellows, whose Breath is Cold, yet makes o-ther's burn.

Wit, and a Woman, are two frail Things, and both the frailer by concurring.

On a Maidenhead,

*It is of a Nature so Subtle,
That if 'tis not luted with Care,
The Spirit will work thro' the Bottle,
And Vanish away into Air:
To keep it, there nothing so hard is,
'Twill go betwixt Waking and Sleeping,
The Simple too weak for a Guard is,
And no Wit wou'd be plagu'd with the keeping.*

On Sleep.

*Five Hours Sleep a Traveller shou'd have,
Seven for Study a Student doth Crave;
But Nine, Sleeps every idle Knave.*

4 AUG 64

GOOD NIGHT.